

# THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 30 Dec. 1959

60 years of  
social change





# The Year's Books . . .

<b>Norah Lofts</b>	<i>short stories</i>	HEAVEN IN YOUR HAND	(January, 13/6)
<b>Richard Llewellyn</b>	<i>a novel</i>	CHEZ PAVAN	(February, 18/-)
<b>H. E. Bates</b>	<i>short stories</i>	THE WATERCRESS GIRL	(February, 13/6)
<b>Joyce Cary</b>	<i>a novel</i>	THE CAPTIVE AND THE FREE	(March, 18/-)
<b>Henry Cecil</b>	<i>a novel</i>	SETTLED OUT OF COURT	(March, 13/6)
<b>John Winton</b>	<i>a novel</i>	WE JOINED THE NAVY	(March, 13/6)
<b>Walter Allen</b>	<i>a novel</i>	ALL IN A LIFETIME	(April, 15/-)
<b>C. S. Forester</b>	<i>a history</i>	HUNTING THE BISMARCK	(April, 12/6)
<b>V. Sackville-West</b>	<i>a biography</i>	DAUGHTER OF FRANCE	(April, 25/-)
<b>John Masters</b>	<i>a novel</i>	FANDANGO ROCK	(June, 16/-)
<b>H. E. Bates</b>	<i>a novel</i>	A BREATH OF FRENCH AIR	(August, 12/6)
<b>Keith Waterhouse</b>	<i>a novel</i>	BILLY LIAR	(August, 13/6)
<b>Romain Gary</b>	<i>a novel</i>	LADY L	(September, 15/-)
<b>Raymond Postgate</b>	<i>a novel</i>	EVERY MAN IS GOD	(October, 15/-)
<b>'Miss Read'</b>	<i>a novel</i>	THRUSH GREEN	(October, 15/-)
<b>Richard Gordon</b>	<i>a novel</i>	DOCTOR AND SON	(October, 12/6)
<b>Paul Gallico</b>	<i>a history</i>	THE HURRICANE STORY	(November, 12/6)
<b>E. S. Turner</b>	<i>a history</i>	THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S	(November, 21/-)
<b>Gilbert Harding</b>	<i>an anthology</i>	A BOOK OF HAPPINESS	(December, 21/-)

*a selection*

. . . from **Michael Joseph Ltd.**

# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

VOLUME CCXXXIV NUMBER 3044 30 DECEMBER 1959

## GOING PLACES

compiled by John Mann

**A** NEW DECADE begins this week and the century can look back on *Sixty Years of Social Change*. So can the COVER FEATURE, and it does (pages 737 to 744). Mary Macpherson discusses what the era between two queens has done for women, and decides that the answer is a let-down. Two obvious changes are portrayed in *Disappearing Horses, Diverted Houses* (pages 740 to 744). And to end up *An invention a year* lists 60 of the century's far-reaching innovations (page 744), including of course man-made fibres which are surveyed in the fashion section (pages 757-764) by David Olins. . . . Oh, and there is also *Royalty at Redbrick* (page 751), in which Roger Hill looks at the rise of a post-war college, which Princess Margaret, as the president, has just visited. . . .

Turning to the future, Haro reads your 1960 stars in his own *Haroscope* (page 754), and Dr. Reginald Bennett, M.P., who is a keen sailor, shudders at the prospect (suggested by the Boat Show) of more seaborne motorists in *Is the outboard an outsider?* (page 756). . . .

Next week: A Grand Clearance Sale. . .

**I S.:** "I am so nuts about your Arcades number [25 Nov.] . . . brilliant of you." Miss Malo Brown, London, S.W.11; "Congratulations . . . I think it is probably the best TATLER [28 Oct.] ever published." Mrs. (Olga) Simons, St. Albans; "I have given up my subscription. The TATLER is no longer the paper I have enjoyed for 30 years. . . ." Miss L. A. Buchanan, Christchurch, Hants.

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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAFalgar 7020)

**SPORT** Rugby: England v. The Rest, Twickenham, 2 January; Scotland v. France, Murrayfield, 9 January. Motoring: Exeter Trial, 8, 9 January. Squash Rackets Amateur Championship, R.A.C., 8-18 January.

**MUSICAL** Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *The Prince Of The Pagodas* (first performance of season), 7.30 p.m., 6 January. (cov 1066.) Covent Garden Opera. *La Traviata* (first performance of season), 7.30 p.m., 8 January. (cov 1066.) Royal Festival Hall. Russian colour film of Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, 4.30 & 7.30 p.m., 3 January (WAT 3191.) Sadler's Wells Opera. *The Marriage Of Figaro* (first performance of season), 7.30 p.m., 31 December. (TER 1672/3).

**BALL** Twelfth Night Ball, National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, 6 January, in aid of the Appeal Fund for General Expansion. Tickets, £4 4s. (double) from the Accountant, N.B.L.

**ART** Royal Academy Winter Exhibition: "Italian Art & Britain," Burlington House, Piccadilly, 2 January to early March. Flower Paintings, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., 5-29 January.

**EXHIBITIONS** National Boat Show, Earls Court. To 9 January. Racing Car Show, R.H.S. Old Hall, Westminster, 2-9 January. Schoolboys' Own Exhibition, Olympia. To 9 January.

**HUNT BALLS** Belvoir (Belvoir Castle), 2 January; North Kildare Harriers (Castletown House, Co. Kildare), 6 January; Oakley (Corn Exchange, Bedford), 8 January; Woodland Pytchley (Deene Park, Northants), 9 January; Albrighton Woodland, 22 January; Fernie (Deene Park) 23 January; Hampshire (Guildhall, Winchester), V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) (Bingham Hall, Cirencester), 29 January; Bicester & Warden Hill (Kirtlington House), 5 February; Warwickshire (Shire Hall, Warwick), 19 February.

**PRAISED PLAYS** From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 766.

**And Suddenly It's Spring.** "... lightest of light comedies . . . the whole thing depends on a series of wondrous transformations." Margaret Lockwood, Yolande Donlan, Frank Lawton, John Stone. (Duke of York's Theatre, TEM 5122.) **The World Of Suzie Wong.** "... an idyll working itself out to a foregone conclusion . . . Oriental glamour . . . spectacular interludes. Miss Tsai Chin is direct, unsentimental and enormously vivacious. . ." Tsai Chin, Gary Raymond. (Prince of Wales Theatre, WHI 8681.)



**The Crooked Mile.** "... The most entertaining English musical comedy that has gladdened the ear for a very long time . . . recommended to all who go expecting gaiety, wit and charm. . ." Elisabeth Welch, Jack MacGowran, Millicent Martin. (Cambridge Theatre, TEM 6056.)

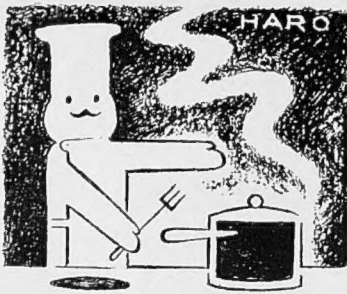
**FANCIED FILMS** From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 767.

G.R. = General release

**Third Man On The Mountain.** "... a period piece about the conquest of a particularly dangerous-looking Swiss Alp . . . I came over quite dizzy . . . the scenery is glorious." Michael Rennie, Nora Swinburne, James MacArthur. G.R.

**The Navy Lark.** "... the standard of humour set by the B.B.C. programme is faithfully maintained . . . fans will not be disappointed." Cecil Parker, Nicholas Phipps, Ronald Shiner, Leslie Phillips. G.R.





## Follow the gourmets

### JOHN BAKER WHITE'S GOOD-EATING GUIDE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table.

**Chez Auguste**, 38 Old Compton Street. (GER 5952.) Not many restaurants in London provide Turkish cooking, but Chez Auguste does, with Turkish wines and coffee to go with it. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening there is *Döner Kebab* on the menu, and this is something special. Cooked on a vertical spit rotated by hand in front of a gas brazier, it consists of roast lamb and veal garnished with sweet herbs, served with spiced rice, green peppers and grilled tomatoes. It is as good as the *Döner Kebab* I ate in Istanbul. This is not surprising, for head chef Socrate Lagos got the Brussels Exhibition Gold Medal for his work in the Turkish Pavilion. Chez Auguste offers a wide variety of Continental specialities. The wine list contains some interesting clarets. The rooms are airy and pleasantly decorated, the company cosmopolitan, and the service efficient but impersonal. W.B.

**La Belle Meuniere**, 5 Charlotte Street. (MUS 4975.) C.S. Mario and Gaspar are master-craftsmen working with first-class materials. Wisely they do not worry about an over-elaborate décor, but plenty about their admirable food and wines. A lot of very pleasant people are obviously aware of this fact. Not cheap but excellent value. W.B.

**Les Gourmets**, Chelsea Cloisters, Sloane Avenue, Chelsea. (KNI 8068.) C.S. and dinner on Saturdays. Quite new. Plenty of room. Comfortable. Swift and friendly service. Good *table d'hôte* dinner for 12s. 6d. *A la carte* specialities include *scampi* and *Steak Diane*, both well above average. Unobtrusive piano music at dinner.

**Sorrento**, 32 Old Compton Street. (GER 1535.) Small, but adequate space between tables. Good Mediterranean cooking, but not for impatient clock-watchers. The quality of the meat is outstanding. Well known to a number of discerning M.P.s. Not expensive.

**Grosvenor Hotel**, Victoria. (VIC 9494.) Outside a club a good cold table is difficult to find, but they have got it here, though a Stilton and some Cox's apples would be welcome additions. The cold beef

and ham are always good. Also a good fish chef. W.B. lunch.

**Walton Grill**, Walton Street, Chelsea. (KEN 6523.) C.S. Same direction as Chez Luba, but much, much less expensive. Small, functional, but comfortable. Useful for young people with limited incomes. W.B. lunch.

**Maison Basque**, 11 Dover Street. (REG 2651.) C.S. The number of restaurants in London that a Frenchman would describe as "*intime*" becomes regrettably fewer each year. Years ago I said the Maison Basque was an ideal place to take a pretty woman who enjoyed food and wine. I say it again.

**Café Royal Restaurant**, 68 Regent Street, W.1. (WHI 2373.) C.S. The Café Royal cellars are among the finest in London. At one time the restaurant was not up to their standard, but Mr. Amanda has made it his especial care, with satisfactory results. The grillroom alone retains the old décor. It is good, and full of nostalgic memories for the over-fifties. W.B. The grillroom is open on Sundays.

**Samuel Whitbread**, Leicester Sq. (TRA 2412.) C.S. Some years ago Whitbreads published an admirable book, *Receipts and Relishes*, listing famous traditional and regional dishes. This restaurant now provides many of these dishes, and well cooked, too. The menu usually includes potted grouse, Judges Circuit soup, Cromwellian boiled fowl, and star-gazy pie. It is the only place, outside the brewery, where one can drink the splendid Britannia Bitter. W.B.

### A book about wine

The older I get the more I come to realize how much there is to learn about wine. For this reason I welcome the 104-page attractively laid out booklet *The Wine Mine*. It is written by Lt. Commander A. S. Hogg, of Peter Dominic, Ltd., and published by that firm. It has pleasant picture maps by David Paul, and contains a great deal of information not only about wines but also about the places they come from. If I were a young man starting a cellar I would find it most useful. The Peter Dominic head office is Aux Caves de France, Horsham, Sussex.

## HOLIDAY SHOWS IN LONDON

### Pantomimes:

**ALADDIN**, Bob Monkhouse, Ronald Shiner, Doretta Morrow, Alan Wheatley (Coliseum, TEM 3161).

**HUMPTY DUMPTY**, Harry Secombe, Alfred Marks, Svetlova, Sally Smith, Gary Miller (Palladium, GER 7373).

### Children's:

**TREASURE ISLAND**, Bernard Miles, John Hall, Patrick Crean, Michael Shepley, John Ruddock, David Livesey, John Boxer (Mermaid Theatre, CIT 7656).

**PETER PAN**, Julia Lockwood, Richard Wordsworth, Patricia Garwood, Russell Thorndike (Scala Theatre, MUS 5731).

**ALICE IN WONDERLAND**, Delena Scott, Frankie Howerd, Binnie Hale (Winter Garden Theatre, HOL 8881).

**HANSEL & GRETEL**, Marion Studholme, Patricia Bartlett, Anna Pollak, Sheila Rex, John Hargreaves (Sadler's Wells Opera, TER 1672/3).

**BEAUTY & THE BEAST**, Michael Atkinson, Lesley Nannerley, Gillian Muir, Stanley Beard (Arts Theatre Club, TEM 3334).

**THE PRINCESS & THE SWINEHERD**, Mandy Miller Clinton Greyn, Wilfred Babbage, Aubrey Morris (Theatre Royal, Stratford, matinées).



*Trouble for Noddy* in *Toyland* at the Prince's Theatre: Mr. Pinkchisll (Leslie Sarony), Silky (Thelma Grayston), Noddy (Jonathan Collins), Big Ears (Jerry Verno), and Mr. Plod the policeman (Peter Elliott)

**BILLY BUNTER FLIES EAST**, Gerald Champion, Bernadette Milnes, Michael Anthony (Victoria Palace, matinées, VIC 1317).

**SOOTY'S CHRISTMASSHOW**, Harry Corbett & Sooty, Vic Sanderson, Myster-e, The Terry Juveniles, The Sooty Sweethearts (Palace Theatre, matinées, GER 6834).



**NODDY IN TOYLAND**, Jerry Verno, Peter Elliott, Jonathan Collins, Thelma Grayston, Tony Sympson, Richard Huggett, Robert Craig, Leslie Sarony (Prince's Theatre, matinées. TEM 6596).

*Musical melodrama:*

**THE DEMON BARBER**, Roy Godfrey, Barbara Howitt, Maureen Hartley, Raymond Cooke, Barry Humphries (Lyric, Hammersmith, RIV 4432).

*Circus:*

**BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS** (Olympia, FUL 3333).

*Ice show:*

**HOLIDAY ON ICE—1960** (Empire Pool, Wembley, WEM 1234).

*Ballet:*

**CINDERELLA**, The Royal Ballet (Fonteyn, Beriosova, Nerina, Linden). (Royal Opera House, cov 1066.)

**THE NUTCRACKER**, London's Festival Ballet (Belinda Wright, Marilyn Burr, Jeannette Minty; John Gilpin, Louis Godfrey, André Prokovsky). (Royal Festival Hall, WAT 3191.)

## Holiday Favourites

*Musicals:*

**MY FAIR LADY**, Anne Rogers, Alec Clunes, James Hayter, Hugh Padwick, Zena Dare (Drury Lane, TEM 8108. Ticket-holders only. Bookings now are for April-May 1960).

**WEST SIDE STORY**, Don McKay, Marlys Watters, George Chakiris, Kenle Roy (Her Majesty's Theatre, WHI 6606).

**IRMA LA DOUCE**, Elizabeth Seal, Keith Michell (Lyric Theatre, GER 4686/7).

**MAKE ME AN OFFER**, Daniel Massy, Dilys Laye, Martin Miller, Diana Coupland (New Theatre, TEM 3878).

**"WHEN IN ROME . . ."** Dickie Henderson, June Laverick (Adelphi Theatre, TEM 7611).

*Revue:*

**PIECES OF EIGHT**, Kenneth Williams, Fenella Fielding (Apollo Theatre, GER 2663).

**SALAD DAYS**, Virginia Vernon, Lloyd Pearson, Derek Holmes (Vaudeville Theatre, TEM 4871).

**CLOWN JEWELS**, The Crazy Gang (Victoria Palace, VIC 1317).

*Shakespeare:*

**THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR**, Maggie Smith, Moyra Fraser, Joss Ackland (Old Vic, WAT 7616).

*Thrillers:*

**THE SOUND OF MURDER**, Elizabeth Sellars, Peter Cushing, Patricia Jessel (Aldwych Theatre, TEM 6404).

**THE UNEXPECTED GUEST**, Nigel Stock, Mary Hinton, Jane Griffiths (Duchess Theatre, TEM 8243).

**THE MOUSETRAP**, Anthony Oliver, David Aylmer, Anna Barry, Peter French (Ambassadors Theatre, TEM 1171).

*Farce:*

**SIMPLE SPYMEN**, Brian Rix, Leo Franklyn, Larry Noble (Whitehall Theatre, WHI 6692).

## Holiday Films

*Films:*

**SOUTH PACIFIC**, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr, France Nuyen (Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd., MUS 2176.)

**OKLAHOMA**, Gordon Macrae, Shirley Jones, Rod Steiger (Metropole, VIC 0208).

**ROYAL BALLET**, in *Ondine*, *Swan Lake*, *The Firebird*. Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes (Columbia, REG 5414). 7 January.

**1001 ARABIAN NIGHTS**, Mr. Magoo cartoon feature film (Odeon, Marble Arch, PAD 8011).

**SOUTH SEAS ADVENTURE**, in Cinerama. (London Casino, GER 6877.)

**GIGI**, Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Hermione Gingold (Ritz, GER 1234).

**BEN HUR**, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins, Haya Harareet, Stephen Boyd (Empire, Leicester Square, GER 1234).

**SOLOMON & SHEBA**, Gina Lollobrigida, Yul Brynner, George Sanders (Astoria, GER 5385).

**CHARMANTS GARCONS**, Zizi Jeanmaire, Daniel Gelin, Gert Froebe, Francois Perier; & **PERSONS UNKNOWN**, Vittorio Gassman, Toto (Academy, GER 2981).

**THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**, Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, Edgar G. Robinson, Anne Baxter, Yvonne de Carlo, John Derek, Cedric Hardwick, Deborah Paget (Plaza, WHI 8944). 31 December.

**BABETTE GOES TO WAR**, Brigitte Bardot, Jacques Charrier, Hannes Messemer, Francis Blanche (Cameo-Royal, WHI 6915).



*Villainy afoot. The Witch (Shiela Rex) overhears the innocent prattle of Hansel & Gretel (Anna Pollak and Marion Studholme) in the children's favourite opera, by Humperdinck, at Sadler's Wells*



*Long John Silver (Bernard Miles), lures the unsuspecting Jim Hawkins (John Hall) with thoughts of gold in Treasure Island at the Mermaid Theatre. On Mr. Miles's shoulder is "Captain Flint," a parrot he bought in Paddington several years ago*





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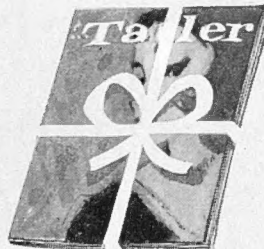
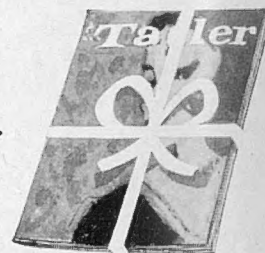
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1900—1960



30 December 1959

ON THE COVER: Opera-bound, two couples gaze across a span of sixty years. The contemporary girl wears a Susan Small dress in pale coffee-coloured pure lace, sashed with chiffon (obtainable at the end of January from Harrods; Books, Sunderland; Chanal, Leeds; 16 gns.), and a white mink jacket (from Bradleys)

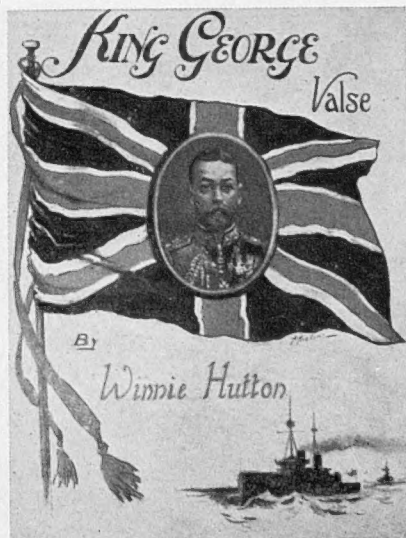
# 60 years of Social Change

THE SIXTY YEARS that went before were called "glorious," but you couldn't say that about the sixty that end this week. A better word would be "anxious," for they have certainly been troubled years. They opened with the Boer War dragging painfully on. They end in an uneasy peace in which both sides stand ready to obliterate each other with weapons that even H. G. Wells had not thought of when the century began. In between, too, there have been two world wars and innumerable minor engagements. Sixty anxious years then, and yet. . . .

Surely nobody who has lived in them could be sorry? For they have been exciting years, years of constant and startling change, years of betterment for the lives of millions, and years that have brought the promise of the defeat of poverty for all. Of course in such a time of topsy-turvy the social scene has sustained shifts in keeping with the spectacular scale of the era. Sixty years of mounting taxation have driven



QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1900: At Osborne with four of her great-grandchildren, (from left) the late King George VI, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Windsor, and the Duke of Gloucester





young gentlemen from all the landed families to earn their livings in once-despised trade—and today a débutante without a job (part-time at least) would have nothing to talk about during the season. Sixty years of rising wages have lured servants out of the stately homes and into the factories—and today museum-keeping is an okay occupation for nobles. Sixty years of expanding political democracy have left us with more hereditary peers than we started with (960 against 660 in 1900)—and today the College of Heralds is hard-pushed to keep up with the demands for pedigrees. (Those who don't qualify for a coat-of-arms get the same one-up effect with a car number-plate that incorporates their initials.)

That hardly sounds as though the social side is slipping, and indeed Ascot, Cowes, Goodwood and all the big occasions attract more people today than ever. Even the end of the royal presentation parties has made no difference to the annual gush of girls coming out. London under Elizabeth II goes in for gaiety on a wider scale than anything under Victoria. And at the time of year when the rich used to retire to their estates half the population now seems to head for the Riviera.

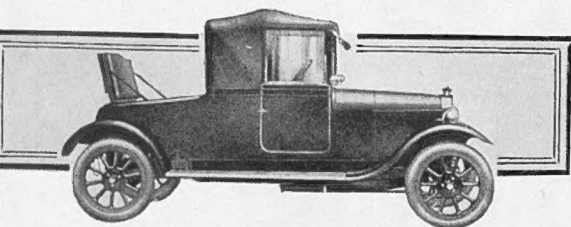
Would anyone want those sixty anxious years again? You would need to look hard at the next instalment before saying "no" to that one.

## 60 years of Social Change

*continued*



**QUEEN ELIZABETH II IN 1959:** Photographed shortly after the announcement that she was expecting a third child in early 1960. A measure of how 60 years of social change has affected even the sovereign, the news was kept back until the Queen had completed an exhausting royal tour of Canada



NOT A CABINET PORTRAIT—UNFORTUNATELY



# to my mind, it doesn't add up to progress—says MARY MACPHERSON

WITH the careless, lightheaded air of someone putting a diamond ring on a washbasin and forgetting to pick it up again, women have mislaid, during the past 60 years, their two most potent weapons in the war of the sexes: Etiquette and Delicate Health.

Our grandmothers, or those of them who weren't busy interfering in other people's politics, fought and bested their men with all the impudent, fearful skill of a mouse stalking a cat. Nowadays we display as much grace in the same field as a boxer puppy eating a beetle.

In exchange for The Vote, which whatever it may stand for in its broadest sense, when brought down to brass tacks is something we can use once every five years (and in a polling station that is never remotely near anywhere we want to go at that), we have surrendered the enormous power we used to wield merely by raising an icy eyebrow or fading into a graceful faint. Etiquette, in the old days, was nothing more than a simple plan, devised by women, to ensure that whatever frightful or embarrassing situation came along, *they* weren't going to have to know about it, still less deal with it. Anything remotely unpleasant, from peeling potatoes to throwing a cad out of the house, was delegated to somebody else. There were certain things a lady simply did not do, and by a happy coincidence they were mostly things she didn't want to do anyway.

Among them were not lifting anything heavier than a powder-puff, not bothering with bores, and not having your husband raise his voice to you. These seem to me to be splendidly comprehensive for dealing with almost all situations, and anybody can have my vote in exchange for any one of them.

If by some ill-favoured chance Etiquette let them down, there was always Delicate Health in all its subtlety to fall back on.

Migraines, those sick headaches now looked on as having some faintly unsavoury psychological origin, were plucked out of the air at the slightest indication that one was not going to get one's own way. Every husband in those days must have been familiar with the darkened room, the slight, ailing figure, the fragrance of *eau-de-Cologne*, and the petulant voice saying: "You must consult your own wishes, dearest, naturally..." Dearest was a very lucky man if he didn't end the day grovelling apologetically for his brutish selfishness and sending out for a new sable tippet.

Fainting, now a graceless and carelessly executed result of a bad attack of 'flu or going without breakfast, was then a virtuoso performance. The skilful backward glance to note the position of the sofa, the white hand raised trembling to the lips (possibly to hide a triumphant smile) the pregnant pause to gather all eyes, and then—the brilliant finale of a pathetic crumpling figure.

All these we have lost, and the Gentlemen, with all the loving care they usually reserve for machinery, have appropriated Delicate Health for themselves. It is they, not us, who are expert at so bravely hiding the twinge in their back that the whole room is uneasily aware of it. It is they, not us, who have brought suffering in silence to such a fine art that one is reduced to looking on one's own broken arm as a thoughtless peccadillo designed to tease.

Why anyone in her right mind should give up a goddess-like superiority for the "all-shoulders-to-the-wheel-then" type of equality, is beyond me, but that is exactly what we have done. Mrs. Pankhurst and her allies certainly opened a door for women. I only wish some forward-looking female had had the sense to bang it briskly shut again. For this door was labelled "*There is No Job A Woman Cannot Do*" and behind it was a vista of a way of life enchanting only to those who have never attempted it. Women, with all the instinct for self-preservation of a trout sampling a bright new fly, snapped eagerly at the bait. We were so busy throwing ourselves into such emancipated careers as shorthand typing that we didn't stop to think that typing "*Dear Sir*" 50 times a day can lose its lustre after a while.

And of course the second we started going out to work on more or less equal standing with men, Etiquette and Delicate Health lost all their power. Few employers look on a fainting spell in the middle of a busy day as a lovable quirk. Few fellow-workers in a factory will pause with a courteous bow to let a lady go first when the five o'clock whistle blows.

Compare our attitude to our grand-

mothers'. They succeeded in giving the impression that embroidering chair-covers was a strenuous day's work and, moreover, that their existence had to be buttressed with servants if they were to survive until the evening. Nowadays, servants are something we have if *we* earn the money to pay for them. And we can be pretty certain we *will* be out earning—husbands were quick to catch on to the fact that the little woman is an advantage as an earner, especially if husband is still paying off the instalments on his car.

You only have to stand back and give these past 60 years a long hard look to see what a menial state they have brought us to.

*Instead of* a frail, child-like creature who needed her smelling salts if someone said "Damn" quietly three corridors away, I have turned into the kind of woman who only the other weekend was able to say, without a tremor in her voice: "Darling, there's a dead mouse in the bathroom. Bring me the dustpan and I'll get rid of it."

*Instead of* sweet nothings being murmured diffidently into my quivering ear, robuster messages roar along the sound waves: "Try revving her while I push" (or, even "Try pushing her while I rev.")... "When I shout, lift your end of the sofa and I'll slide the carpet under... higher than that... what are you playing at now? ... A headache? *Nonsense.*"

*Instead of* being regarded by my husband as a winsome creature with a mind too lightly balanced for the cares of everyday life, a body too fragile to do anything more exerting than interview the housekeeper, I am a toughie who coughed modestly into her martini at a cocktail party recently when she overheard her husband say proudly: "Mary drives a car like a man."

*Instead of* inviting a few charming, witty acquaintances to a meal cooked by someone else, business dinners cooked by us are a commonplace. How fortunate old Granny was, never to have to indulge in conversations that begin: "*Do tell me about logging, Mr. Hammarschun,*" or "*Plastic coathangers—how interesting*" and end, gloomily, "*My goodness, I never realized how much there was to it.*"

As I see it, this is not progress: it is fatty degeneration of the female spirit. My programme for the next 60 years is to get rid of emancipation and insist on the right to use our natural weapons again. "*Take back your Vote*" must be our war-cry, "*and give us back our Etiquette and Delicate Health!*"

There will be opposition from the men, of course. They will not lightly give up all they have won. We may even have to resort to those railings to get our way.







# Disappearing HORSES

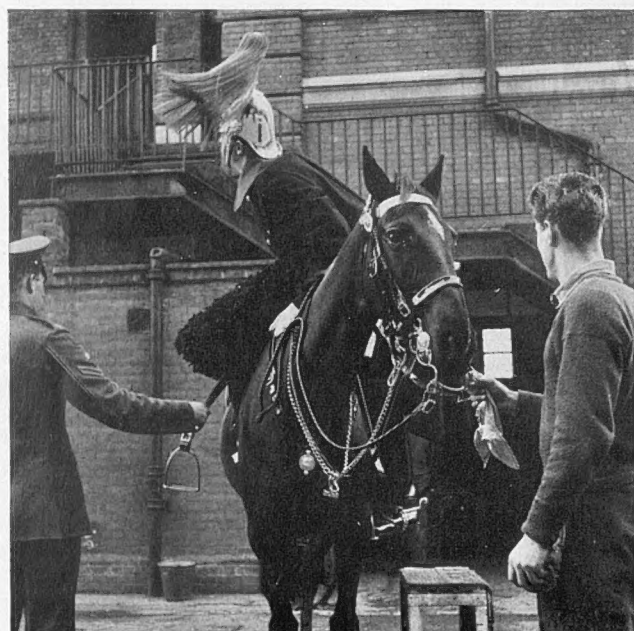
## Diverted HOUSES

*The ravages of 60 years have left only  
a handful of horses on the streets and  
turned elegant homes into austere offices*

**HORSES** photographed by RONALD COHEN

**HOUSES** photographed by JUDITH LEATHART

LONDON'S work horses have been on the way out for a good long time—there are probably less than 1,000 of them left today. But the chances are that the figure will decline no further for the horses that remain are well looked after and each group seems to have its own P.R.O. or even Adjutant. They still have advantages. Costers (traditionally) swear by them. One, a log vendor, said in words reminiscent of Mayhew: "Why, bless you, sir! Nothing but a horse would be any use to me. A van? No use for all this stopping and starting . . . besides, think of the tax." Whitbreads, too (they supply the shires for the Lord Mayor's coach), employ 33 horses. For the driver the advantages are obvious, his horses know the round, will stop at every pub, and the dray itself (nearly as long as a London bus) has a turning circle less than that of a taxi. For most heavy transport the horse is a has-been. Storm (the shire pictured above) is one of only four horses now employed by Rickett Cockerell Ltd., and the cart (above, left) is one of dozens now rotting in their Fulham coal depot. But horses for the look of the thing remain a constant. The Palace runs an elegant message brougham, Rothman's an equally elegant van. Enthusiasts still ride in Rotten Row, the Horse Guards maintain an immaculate immobility, the police horses control the crowds. And every sculptured military commander of note bestrides his stone charger in the heaviest traffic and the least convenient places.



The army's (ceremonial) horses are still with us. This is a daily scene at Royal Horse Guards H.Q., Knightsbridge



Royal birthdays call out the King's Troop (R.H.A.) seen riding through Hyde Park where they fire about a dozen salutes a year. The R.H.A. also provide gun carriages for royal funerals





**N**or all London's great houses have suffered the fate of 148 Piccadilly (*demolition scene above*) but few retain their former rôles as private homes and centres of social and political activity. Most have become the headquarters of business concerns and ministries. Some are museums, like Apsley House (the Duke of Wellington still has an upper-floor flat there). Many are clubs, hostels and meeting places for overseas students. Reasons for such diversions and conversions are economic. Their original owners found upkeep and repair costs crippling, even the big companies find them expensive to run and rather unsuitable as offices. But few have spoiled the original interiors and most have restored and improved the houses. At Crewe House in Curzon Street for example, the façade and main reception rooms are to be preserved as a screen for a five-storey office block built behind the house. Eventually most of the great houses (except for those scheduled for preservation) will give way to flats and yet more office blocks. But the process is slow and governed by considerations of lease and freehold—not to mention the fabulous prices which the sites in London's most heavily built-over areas can command.



Top: Bridgewater House (built 1846), is British Oxygen Company headquarters. Above: Crewe House (built 1708), is head office for Thomas Tilling Ltd. Above, right: Selwyn House (17th century) houses Pilkington Bros., Ltd.





*Wimborne House, Arlington Street, head office of Eagle Star Insurance*



*The Queen's Message Brougham leaves the Palace twice daily carrying correspondence to and from the Ministries*



*Palace brake is buff-coloured, was designed originally for carrying luggage, is used mainly now for exercising horses*



*Holland House was a blitz victim. The restored East wing is now part of the King George VI Memorial Hostel*



*Spencer House, St. James's Place, is still owned by the Spencers but occupied by a British Oxygen subsidiary*



*Forbes House, Halkin Street, houses the Society of Motor Manufacturers & Traders. This is their council chamber*



*Rothman's use this van for West End deliveries. Coachman is Mr. Charles Walton whose horses, Pell and Mell, drew Queen Salote's open landau in the Coronation procession*



*Lord Mayor's ornate coach is drawn traditionally by Whitebread shires being harnessed here in City Green Yard*



*United Dairies still operate 48 horses, the carts have car-tyre tyres. Roundsman is Mr. J. Kilford (21 years a driver with the company), his mare's name is Sheila, aged 12*

*Disappearing* HORSES

*Diverted* HOUSES *continued*





While these horses 'Time and Tide are both aged about 10. With them is coachman Mr. Strickland and drayman's assistant (trade name is "trouncer") Mr. C. Ruocco



Mr. E. Turner hires his horse Joe from a "letter-out" in Battersea. He pays £1 a day for the hire plus 10s. for stabling and a further 6s. 6d. a day for the pony's food. Joe has been with him for three years on the log round. Few of London's costers own their horses



City police operate six horses. The Force has twice-weekly privilege of exercising at Buckingham Palace Riding School



Operatic horse is 8-year-old Waterford, trained by his owner Mr. Barley for film and stage work. Here he carries tenor Edgar Evans in Boris Godunov at Covent Garden



*Disappearing***HORSES***Diverted***HOUSES** continued

Right: Solitary rider in Rotten Row is Mr. D. R. Werner. He stables his 10-year-old mare Lady Jane Grey in London through the winter, rides every morning in the Park whatever the weather



Coster pony in a Knightsbridge crescent is named Sue and is nine years old. Her flower-selling driver hires her weekly from a professional "letter-out"



Tailpiece is provided by the equestrian statue of King George III which stands in Cockspur Street

## AN INVENTION A YEAR

- 1900 High speed steel
- 1901 The first vacuum cleaner
- 1902 Mercury vapour lamp
- 1903 The aeroplane
- 1904 The safety-razor
- 1905 The rotary mercury pump
- 1906 The triode radio valve
- 1907 The tungsten electric light bulb
- 1908 The gyro-compass
- 1909 Bakelite
- 1910 Duralumin
- 1911 Cellophane
- 1912 Oil from coal
- 1913 The zip-fastener
- 1914 Stainless steel
- 1915 The Lewis gun
- 1916 The tank
- 1917 Molybdenum steel
- 1918 The superhet radio receiver
- 1919 Atom-splitting apparatus
- 1920 Radio broadcasting
- 1921 Anti-knock petrol (tetra-ethyl lead)
- 1922 Insulin
- 1923 The self-winding wrist-watch
- 1924 Electrical gramophone recording
- 1925 The Leica camera
- 1926 Television
- 1927 Crease-resisting fabrics
- 1928 Penicillin discovered
- 1929 Talking pictures
- 1930 Detergents
- 1931 Synthetic rubber (Neoprene)
- 1932 The electron microscope
- 1933 Technicolor
- 1934 Radar
- 1935 Kodachrome
- 1936 The multi-channel telephone c
- 1937 First wide screen (Vitarama)
- 1938 Nylon
- 1939 Jet-propelled aircraft
- 1940 The automatic gear-change for cars
- 1941 Terylene
- 1942 D.D.T.
- 1943 Streptomycin
- 1944 The ball-point pen
- 1945 The atom bomb
- 1946 Xerography (copying system)
- 1947 Flexible plastic coatings
- 1948 Long-play records
- 1949 Transistors
- 1950 Tranquillizers
- 1951 Stereophonic sound
- 1952 The hydrogen bomb
- 1953 Car disc brakes
- 1954 Polio vaccine
- 1955 VHF radio
- 1956 Atomic generation of current
- 1957 The Sputnik
- 1958 Electrophotographic printing
- 1959 The Lunik



## MURIEL BOWEN



## Of politicians, tombola and debts' mums

**T**HE TOMBOLA STALL never had it so good at the Liberals' Christmas party. The ball organizer, Mrs. Rita Smith, was elated: "Please do say that we made £250, because we've never had a profit like that before." Perhaps this was something to do with the Liberal revival that Mr. Frank Byers was talking to me about earlier. "We're going to put Labour at the bottom of the poll in every by-election," he said. "Then we'll tackle the Tories." How long? "We'll put them out in my lifetime, provided I give up smoking." Mr. Byers, chairman of the Liberal Central Association, is 44.

His wife seemed more preoccupied with the tombola. "My dentist has bought a lot of tickets from me and I seem to have fed him nothing but blanks," she whispered. But the night was saved. At last one of the tickets had a number. The dentist won a doll.

Behind more tombola winnings at one of Quaglino's tables I found Mr. "Toby" O'Brien, publicity chief at Tory Central Office during much of Lord Woolton's reign. "Oh dear, I've been recognized," he said. "I protested even before I came that if I were spotted in this camp I'd be ruined." Some ruin—Mr. O'Brien's winnings, bottles and bottles of them, were worth £15 at least.

Mr. & Mrs. O'Brien had come in a party with Mrs. Hamilton-Lang, an elegant woman with dark glasses. I thought I'd better check which party she supports. "The Tories of course, and how!" She was there because her sister, Lady MacKenzie Wood, is a staunch Liberal, "and, besides, the Liberals are so much better than Labour, don't you think so?" I suppose this would have

seemed cheering to some of the party faithfuls among the guests—people like Mrs. Jo Grimond (she's a daughter of Lady Violet Bonham-Carter), Mrs. James de Rothschild, the Hon. William & Mrs. Douglas-Home, Lord & Lady Rea, Miss Caroline Barrington, and the Hon. John Bigham, and Mr. & Mrs. Leonard Behrens. Anyway, they were in party spirit and joined in the fun, which included some reverberating eightsomes.

It was a roomful of hopefuls. Two I talked with were Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence Robson from Oxfordshire. She contested the last two elections as a Liberal in the Eye division of Suffolk, and her husband was a Liberal candidate in the two previous elections. "It was really he who encouraged me," said Mrs. Robson, who is tall and dark. "Like most men he hasn't got the time for both business and politics, but I've become so interested in politics I hope to keep trying until I get a good seat."

Round the dance-floor, interesting faces were being pointed out—Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, M.P., the Hon. Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory (her husband is a cousin of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and she's president of the Taunton Liberals) and Mr. Ludovic Kennedy, who was without his red-headed wife. "She's got to be up at 6.30 these mornings to make a film, so she prefers an early to a late night," he told me. Mr. Kennedy is taking "a breather" from politics for a year and he joins the B.B.C. *Panorama* programme in February.

There were a number of third-generation Liberals—Miss Grizelda Grimond, who's up at Oxford, and her brother Andrew (he's been filling in time, before going to university, as a Christmas-rush assistant at

Harrods), Miss Elizabeth Byers, who comes out next year, and Mr. Paul Foot, son of Sir Hugh, the Governor of Cyprus. Mr. Foot is reading law and is president of the Oxford University Liberal Club. "We're 1,000 strong at the moment," he said. "There was quite an increase just after the election." He was being put up for the night by his uncle, Mr. Michael Foot, but he didn't return the hospitality with an invitation to the ball. "Ask Uncle Michael here?" he said, looking aghast. "I can't imagine him ever coming to a do like this even if it supported the Labour Party." (*Pictures overleaf.*)

## A FOOT IN FOR LADIES

The Tories, too, had a Christmas party. It was at the Constitutional Club for members and their guests. Their approach was different from the Liberals'. Having invited Mr. Derek Walker-Smith, the Minister of Health, they fed him on Norfolk turkey stuffed with chestnuts, and Christmas pudding topped with brandy sauce. Then after congratulating him on the work of his Ministry they asked him to make a speech. He obliged, remarking that speeches at a Christmas party "could only happen in a country which takes its pleasures sadly, or its politics kindly." He then dipped into fantasy to describe what might happen if Christmas were nationalized, and wound up with a switch to Tory economic doctrine, during which "Hear hears" rumbled through the lofty room. It was filled by, among others, Sir Eric & Lady Edwards, Col. H. C. Joel, Lord & Lady Grenfell, Mr. & Mrs. Arnold Silverstone, Sir Andrew & Lady

*continued overleaf*

## BRIGGS by Graham





*Actress Yvonne Mitchell at the ball at Quaglino's (her husband, Mr. Derek Monsey contested Westminster)*



*Miss Evelyn Heathcoat-Amory. She is a cousin of the Chancellor of the Exchequer*

## LIBERAL LADIES *at the Party's annual ball*



*Miss Grizelda Grimond, daughter of Mr. Jo Grimond, the Liberal leader*

PHOTOGRAPHS: D. O'NEILL



*Lady McFadyean, ball treasurer, and the Hon. Mrs. Whitmore, chairman*

*Below: Miss Elizabeth Byers. Her father is vice-president of the Party*



*Mrs. L. C. Scott, Mr. Scott, director of The Guardian, & Mrs. L. Behrens*



*Mrs. Mark Bonham-Carter, wife of the former Torrington M.P.*





## OFF THE SLOPES

MURIEL BOWEN continued

Barton, Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, M.P., and Lt.-Col. & Mrs. T. W. Miller-Jones.

And so it went on, with four more speeches and carols to follow.

Many members feared that it would be their last Christmas party at the Constitutional Club, but cheers greeted Sir Joseph Haygarth, the chairman, when he said the club had no intention of selling out to anyone. (A bid from Mr. Charles Clore, reputed to be for £725,000, was made last week.) Sir Joseph did, however, mention one forthcoming change in the Constitutional: women will soon be admitted as associate members.

### AT THE CRESTA

Down at the Savoy, dedication lit the faces of guests at the Cresta Ball. Most of them belonged to winter-sports enthusiasts, including the inevitable Lord Brabazon of Tara, a legendary figure on the Run. He had recently come back from the United States, which he visited with our Ryder Cup team. "We didn't win," he said to me, "but we've got golfers who are every bit as good as the Americans—if they didn't go to so many of these all-night parties. Playing golf in America takes so much study, even the texture of the grass is quite different."

The Earl of Kimberley, Mr. A. G. T. Slesinger, Miss Hilary Laing, and Miss Helen McKane, were among those who watched an amusing innovation at the ball, a slippery-pole competition which produced some abandoned postures.

After watching some of the athletics by guests in the women's section of the competition I was not surprised to hear Miss Jane

continued overleaf



A fashion show of winter sports clothes during the last 55 years was enlivened by this polar bear

THE CRESTA BALL  
at the Savoy



Viscountess Bledisloe, wife of the president of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, & Mr. H. Martineau



Lord Brabazon of Tara, lately back from America, & Mrs. Brodie Macdonald



Mrs. Saski Hughes puts Miss Valerie McAlpine out of the Women's Slippery Pole Contest



Mr. Nicholas Ossievsky, son of a well-known prewar Cresta rider, and Miss Sally Simpson

PHOTOGRAPHS: BRODRICK HALDANE

Left: Mrs. Vernon Pope is chairman of the Cresta Ball in London and later on in St. Moritz

THE KANDAHAR SKI CLUB DINNER  
at the Savoy

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Mrs. Jack Shirley, wife of the hon. treasurer of the club, and Dr. Tom Greenwood, from Lincolnshire

## OFF THE SLOPES

continued

MURIEL  
BOWEN continued

Horsbrugh-Porter criticize the banning of women from the Cresta. "My mother went down it years ago," she said, "but now women are not allowed. I'd give anything to go down it—just once." I learnt that various labour-saving devices have now been introduced in the building of the Run and in this way it is hoped to keep riding in it at a figure that the average young man can afford.

Several young army men I met said that they were looking forward to skiing in Switzerland soon after Christmas.

### SOCIAL PLANS FOR 1960

"Mums' luncheons," at which next season's coming-out dances are arranged, have been going strong since October. I went to one recently given by that tireless ball-goer Lady St. John of Bletso, and Mrs. Leslie Heaver. Lady St. John gives her lunches the whole year through at her Knightsbridge home, so that "mums" have an opportunity of meeting.

"I find them eager for a get-together any day of the week except Wednesday," Lady St. John told me. "Wednesday is hopeless as hounds always seem to be out." Does that still matter? "Oh rather. It seems to very much. Few women who hunt are willing to give up a day's sport, even if it is to arrange their daughters' coming-out."

Those gathered at Lady St. John's this particular day included Mrs. Harold Samuel, Mrs. Alan Philpotts, Mrs. Gavin Ferguson, and

continued overleaf



Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, elder daughter of the Earl of Lindsay, and Mr. Samuel Goodenough



Mrs. George Reindorp and Miss Annelis von Allmen, a well-known Swiss skier from Mürren



Miss Lottie Smith (she runs the ski department at Harrods) and Dr. Desmond Keogh. Right: Air Chief Marshal the Hon. Sir Ralph Cochrane, now a director of Rolls-Royce, & Lady Cochrane





THE SNOW BALL *at the Dorchester*



*Miss Sarah Clifford-Wing, one of the 1959 débutantes, and Mr. Hubert Picarda*

PHOTOGRAPHS A V SWAEBE



*The Marquess & Marchioness of Blandford thanked the Crazy Gang for the cabaret*

*The snowball snowed white balloons. Below right: Miss Miranda Doughty-Fitchborne and Visconte Priego*



*The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Berry*



*Mrs. Ian Henderson*

# Girls of Queen's Gate School give a dance

in aid of a fund to secure the ownership of the school, founded in 1892 by Heathfield's founder



*Mr. Benjamin Wrey and Miss Caroline Grahame Porter*



*Miss Elizabeth Mozley and Miss Christina de Bary. The dance was at the school*



*Mrs. Ann Johnston, the principal, and Miss Antoinette Douie, who was an organizer*

PHOTOGRAPHS DESMOND O'NEILL

*Miss Carola Ashton and Mr. John Beecham, who is up at Oxford*



Mrs. Henry Teixeira de Mattos, who is coping with the bringing-out of her daughter Jane Harington in London and at the same time entertaining for her husband, a Dutch diplomat based on Brussels. "Everybody thinks I'm quite mad," she told me, "but I expect I'll get everything sorted out in the end. It's only a question of organization really." I also met Mrs. Priscilla Longland whose daughter, Julia (she came out this year), has been severely injured in a car crash. Julia is in plaster but is otherwise getting along fine, her mother told me. She may have her dance—which had to be cancelled because of the accident—next year.

About 400 girls will be doing the season and one of the first of the private dances will be the Hon. Mrs. John Grimston's for her daughter, Hermione, at the Grimston family home, Gorhambury, St. Albans. It will be held on 13 May.

Most interesting of the dances scheduled for Ascot week is to be given by Mrs. John Merton, wife of the portrait painter, for her daughters, Sarah, who came out this year (hers was one of the more striking portraits in this year's Royal Academy), and Clarissa, who comes out next year. Sir Thomas & Lady Merton, the girls' grandparents, are lending their lovely home, Stubbings House, Maidenhead, for the dance on 17 June.

Miss Victoria Vigors and Miss Rebecca Whetstone are lucky enough to have their coming-out dance at Hampton Court Palace on 21 June. It is being given by Lady Aston, Mrs. Mervyn Vigors, and Mrs. James Whetstone. Lady Aston, widow of Major-Gen. Sir George Aston, has a Grace-and-Favour residence at the Palace.

The most imaginative of the London dances must be one arranged for the Fellows Garden & Restaurant at the Royal Zoological Gardens on 7 July. Hostesses are Mrs. Alan Campbell-Johnson, Mrs. J. Rashleigh Belcher, and Mrs. John Hadden, for their daughters, Virginia Campbell-Johnson, Sarah Rashleigh Belcher, and Melanie Hadden. Following cocktails in the paved garden, which will be gay with flowers and striped umbrellas, some of the animals will be "introduced" by their keepers. The dance after dinner will stop at 1 a.m. prompt. "We want to make sure that the animals and their keepers don't miss their sleep over us," explains Mrs. Campbell-Johnson.

The Débutante & Brides Number of The TATLER, to be published on 17 February, will give a full list of private dances for the 1960 season.





# Royalty at Redbrick

A far-reaching social change of the last 60 years is the rise of the provincial university. Princess Margaret is the president of the newest, Keele College, and has just paid it one of her regular visits

Celebrating the tenth year of its foundation is the University College of North Staffordshire, where a stimulating experiment is challenging the established English ideas of university education. It differs in three respects. First, all undergraduates must live in; second, they must all spend four years there, of which the first is a series of compulsory lectures covering the activities of every department from Greek history through philosophy, geography, psychology to chemistry; third, all undergraduates must take a joint-honours degree of usually two principal and two subsidiary subjects. Of these four, at least one must be from the arts group or from the social sciences, and one from mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology or geology.

What are the advantages of the system? Tutorials with dons and undergraduates whose basic interests differ widely, and who

*continued overleaf*

The Students' Union still uses a Nissen hut. It was decorated as a woodland glade for the Christmas ball, which Princess Margaret attended this year

PHOTOGRAPHED AND DESCRIBED BY ROGER HILL

Princess Margaret meeting some of the students during her visit. Her dress was in apricot satin brocade. She always joins in the Paul Jones here



## Royalty at Redbrick

*continued*

live together on the same campus, give a warm common purpose to the community. Even at the end of term, when I was there, undergraduates and staff were determinedly friendly with each other and themselves. The first year is an "onslaught on specialization" and the narrow-mindedness that easily develops under the modern schooling and exam system. But more than that, it gives each student an opportunity to make an informed choice for his honours subjects. At least half change their minds by the end of the year. The joint-honours course aims to mature a well-informed, all-round man (or woman—they seem to thrive there). One who has read, say, chemistry and economics as his principal subjects may well be worth two men to industry.

There are unsolved problems. The charge must be dispelled that to read more than one subject is to master none of them. External examiners have said that the standard in each field is just as high as in other universities. The results achieved by post-graduates have confirmed this. Then a relationship must be built up with the locality that preserves the college's ideals yet prevents decay through lack of outside nourishment. Lastly there is the tiresome question of waiting for more money. They are disappointed with the help offered by industry, for whom they reckon to provide outstandingly useful candidates. This is no local undertaking. It is an attraction for people from every part of England and from many countries in the world.

Cardinal Newman wrote in 1854 of "one kind of education which all should have in common . . . the education which made the man. . . . He is kept from extravagance by the very rivalry of other studies, he has gained from them a special illumination and largeness of mind and freedom and self-possession, and he treats his own in consequence with a philosophy and a resource, which belongs not to the study itself, but to his liberal education." Keele College in North Staffordshire has come close to fulfilling this ideal in the last ten years.

If your child is not of a good academic standard, he will not find a place there. But if he can make it I doubt if he would have much to regret.

Student at work in the research laboratory



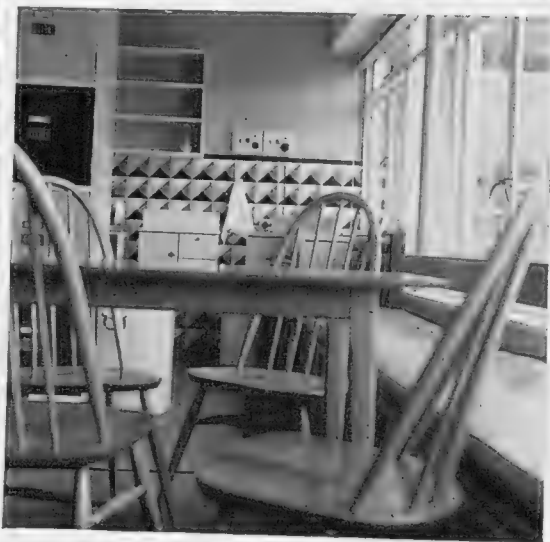




Prefabs (left) clash with the architecture of Keele Hall, but they house students temporarily until new buildings are completed. Below: West Indian president of the Students' Union is Mr. Jon James



Assembly Hall, first-year students  
Russian history lecture by  
Paul Coles

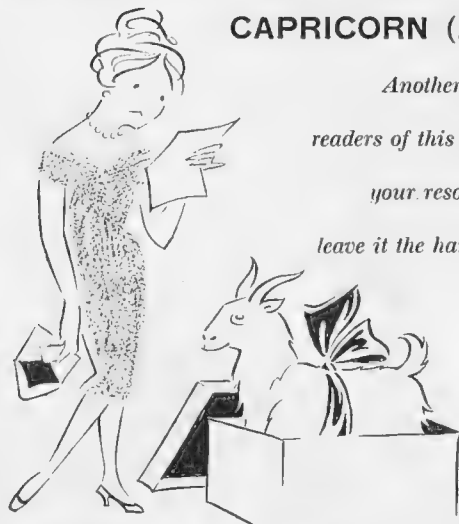


Each group has its own well-equipped kitchen and meeting-room in the new buildings, which are based on the Oxford staircase pattern. Left: Tuition in modern languages for Mr. A. V. Subiotto and Miss Janet Iliffe



*Your forecast for 1960*  
*Guaranteed no disappointment...*

### CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20)



*Another fortunate and happy year for readers of this magazine, provided you break your resolutions early. The longer you leave it the harder it becomes. Warning: Be careful about giving up smoking; doing this can be habit-forming. Lucky colour: hunting pink*

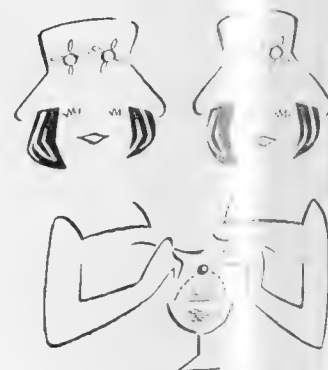
### TAURUS (Apr. 20 to May 20)

*Need for discretion when discussing pictures in Burlington House. Artists look just like other people when they put on their best suits for the Royal Academy. Warning: Get an early night before the season gets under way. Lucky colours: Grind your own*



### GEMINI (May 21 to June 21)

*No time to bank on the weather. Take your umbrella to be on the safe side. For sportsmen: an interesting event is indicated at Epsom this month. Lucky colours: green and chocolate hoops, chocolate cap?*



### VIRGO (Aug. 22 to Sept. 22)

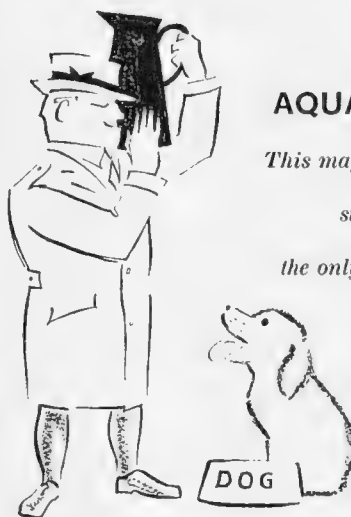
*Make an effort to get back in time for the Harewood Horse Trials. Warning: Drive on the right. Remember to buy duplicate luggage labels if you don't want your friends to know you went on a package tour. Lucky colour: Mediterranean blue*



# H A R O

### AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19)

*This may be your month if you're a top dog. The stars say: Learn to THINK graciously; it is the only way to look your best for Crust's. Little to fear from space dogs—being Russian, they're not at all well bred*



### LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 22)

*Women will be surprised at who gets invited to the Women of the Year Luncheon; the always are. Fortunately the Horse of the Year show follows quickly and anyone can buy a ticket to that. Lucky colour: whatever suits you*





## SCOPE

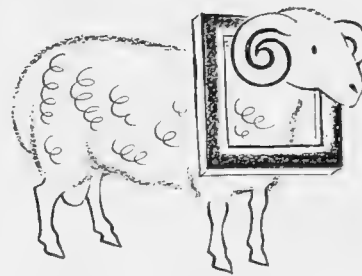
Illustrated by HARO

Astrological readings by RONALD COHEN



**PISCES (Feb. 20 to Mar. 20)** *Danger indicated in social life, especially for bachelors. Remember.*

*this is Leap Year. Safer to eschew the social whirl and concentrate on directorships. You can't have too many. Lucky metal: steel*



**ARIES (Mar. 21 to Apr. 19)** *Watch for April*

*Fool's Day, confidently expected to fall this*

*month. Danger of financial disappointment, especially for*

*those gambling on Budget Day. The Contemporary Art Society will hold an exhibition which it will be fashionable to attend.*

*Lucky colours: Winsor & Newton's*

**CANCER (June 22 to**

**July 21)** *It's about time*

*would test one débutante*

*another. They all*

*a different capacity for*

*sympathy and, besides, some have richer fathers than*

*others. Many are nice, too. Luckiest fur: mink*



**LEO (July 22 to Aug. 21)**

*Things will go with a bang in*

*Scotland, but do be careful*

*where you point your gun.*

*Carelessness apart, an*

*auspicious month for all. In*

*particular a happy birthday to*

*the Queen Mother. Lucky colours: tartan*

*(but only if entitled to wear it)*



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**SCORPIO (Oct. 23 to Nov. 21)** *Turtles are*

*advised to make themselves*

*scarce: the Lord*

*Mayor's Banquet is*

*in the offing. Small boys*

*are implored to make*

*themselves scarce until at*

*least November 4. But don't expect them to admit which*

*guy they want the penny for. Lucky reserves: gold and dollars*



**SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 21)**

*Grouse-shooting*

*ends, just when*

*you're beginning to*

*get a taste for the bird.*

*Oh, well, nothing for it but*

*turkey. And so we come to*

*an end of another memorable year, in which readers who follow this advice*

*will have found life more confusing than ever. Lucky number: Ernie's*



# *Is the* **OUTBOARDER**

## *an* **OUTSIDER?**

BY REGINALD BENNETT, M.P.

WELL, OF COURSE, HE ALWAYS USED TO BE. HE was the fellow you used to watch struggling with his engine while you reclined with a drink on the yacht-club balcony. There he was, the poor stiff, bending over the stern of his little rowing dinghy down below, winding a bit of string around the turntable thing on top, while the bows pointed up to the skies. The water would be either slopping over the transom into the boat or eagerly pouring in through all sorts of holes and leaks in a part of the boat that's never meant to be under water. Soon the floorboards were under an inch of grimy fluid, and the chap's best shore-going shoes were ruined.

The joke was that the whole idea of having an outboard was to save sweat. But heaving it about on shore alone caused him as much exertion as if he'd been content to learn to row. And that wasn't the best of it, not by a long way. For what was it that long made yacht clubs so popular with people who knew nothing about boats? Why, the antics of the outboarder outside at the water's edge, where the utterest ham could put on a turn worthy of Bud Flanagan. Either the fellow pulled the string smartly and the engine started—or else it didn't. Whichever way the spectator's day was made.

Usually, with a mighty heave, the man of the sea pulled the string and it promptly came adrift, catapulting the puller forward along the boat, where he tripped over oars, thwart, shopping baskets, beer crates, buckets, ladders and wheelbarrows. The clubhouse spectator would order drinks all round while the outboarder vanished into the bottom of his boat, flat on his back in the aforesaid dirty water, with two waving (and excoriated) legs visible through the tears rolling down the honest faces on shore.

Or else, glory be, the engine fired! Not, of course, if it was cold, and never if it was hot—let alone if it was wet (and whoever heard of anything at sea that was dry?). But it did happen sometimes, and then with a whirr and a roar the dinghy leapt forward like a rocket. The outboarder, still holding his silly bit of string, could only stay aboard by clutching the engine, thereby either scorching his hands or suffering a series of violent electric shocks. Twitching and writhing, he had to let go, his boat careering in ever-increasing circles while the luckless fellow was

still returning to the surface. Jackpot to the armchair fleet!

There is another sequence, much treasured by seamen. Sometimes the outboarder gives up trying. His heart racing, his head spinning, his ears bursting and lights dancing before his eyes, he concedes that his engine has beaten him. Then is the moment we have all seen, a moment of blackest despair. Angrily, if weakly, he throws down that accursed bit of string, rummages under the waterlogged shopping baskets, beer crates, buckets &c. and comes up with the oars. In a grim silence he puts in the rowlocks and starts rowing. As darkness falls and the lights go on in the club, he splashes heavily into the distance, his old enemy the outboard perched on the stern like a coxswain, jeering him on. This is a moment when it is difficult for the spectator to resist ordering another.

Alas, all is different now. Outboards are not what they were. They come encased in sleek metal skins, brightly painted and with no working parts to see. They are treated against damp and some of them even have self-starters. There are all kinds and sizes, big outboards, little outboards, English outboards, Yankee outboards, sometimes twin outboards. Earls Court this year is full of them. You press a button and you're a sailor.

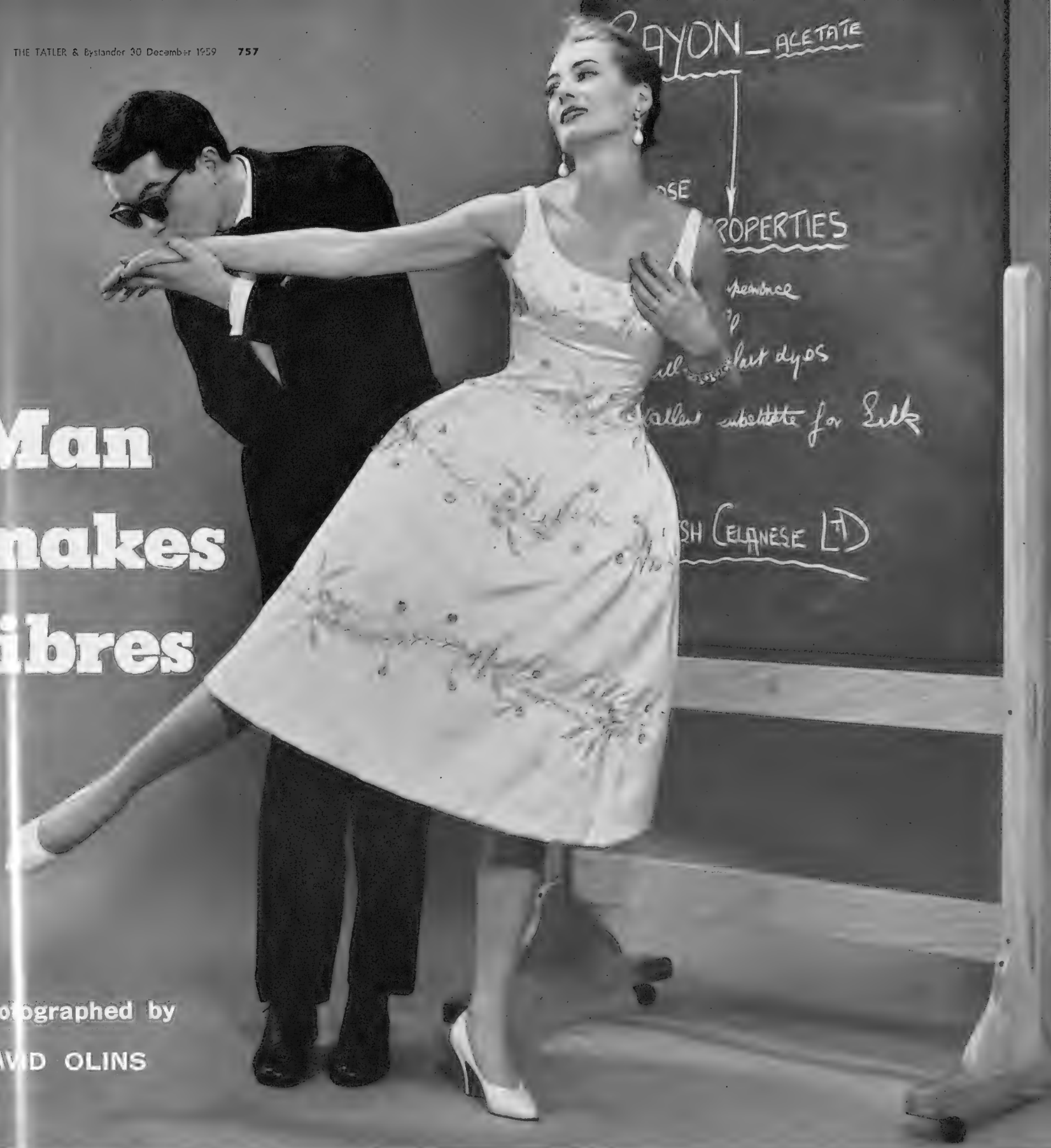
We don't get so many laughs in the clubhouse now, but we still can't bring ourselves to be indifferent about outboards. The trouble with them now is that they're too handy and too dependable. Motorists come road-hogging down the highway with the things strapped to the roof. They converge on our best sailing waters, stop their engines and start their outboards. The next thing you know the sea is full of seaborne motorists buzzing across your bows, rocking your serene progress with their brutal wake, and filling the quiet seaside air with the raucous notes of the M.I. Some of the more arrogant of them even sport yachting caps and wear monkey jackets.

We still gather to swap stories about outboards, but they don't tend to be funny ones any more. The theme is usually how many inches he missed you by or how one of those fellows can upset a good day's sailing. I'm sure all of us begin to think sometimes that the laugh's on us.



# Man makes fibres

photographed by  
DAVID OLINS



**ACETATE RAYON** is the earliest and most widely used of the man-made fibres which have dramatized women's dress (and dress outlook) in the last 60 years. At first regarded as second-bests to luxury fabrics they are now luxuries in their own right but still within reach of every woman, and today the accepted substitute for pure silk, paper taffetas, satins, velvet and chiffons

**What is it made from?** The short unspinnable hairs of the cotton ball from which cellulose is derived

**What does it do?** It provides luxury fabrics, satins, taffetas, brocades and moires at prices you can afford

**How do you wash it?** In warm water only, and iron with a cool iron

**Who makes it?** British Celanese Ltd.

**Details of the dress.** White acetate rayon satin trimmed with bands of coloured silk embroidered garlands of flowers. By Frank Usher at Cresta, New Bond Street and branches; Nola, Chester; Rackhams, Birmingham. Price: about 31 gns. Jewels by Jewelfcraft



**Man  
makes  
fibres** *continued*

**COURTELLE** is specially good for jersey fabrics and chunky sweaters. A comparatively newcomer in fashion, its scope is widening to include fine mousselines and Chantarella in the spring collections—Dorville use a woven slub fabric for many summer designs. Courtelle's great advantage is that it washes—so heavy-knit suits and dresses make good travelling

**What is it made of?** Oil and coal

**What does it do?** It is strong and hard-wearing, though light-weight, handles softly, doesn't shrink or stretch and can be durably pleated. Courtelle is moth-proof and washes and dries easily

**How do you wash it?** In warm water, squeeze

out gently (don't wring) and hang to drip-

**Who makes it?** Courtaulds

**Details of the dress.** Pale blue slub woven Courtelle sheath by Dorville with a sash and notched to-hem buttoning. Otto Lucas hat. The dress costs £13 5s. from Woolland's; Pophams, Plymouth; Lindsay, Halifax



**ORLON** (ACRYLIC FIBRE)

OIL + COAL + AIR →  
→ WATER + LIMESTONE

PROPERTIES

Luxurious handle  
Impervious to Sunlight, Soot, Smoke  
& acid fumes  
Quick drying  
Mark proof  
Non-irritant  
Can be permanently pleated

Made by  
Du PONT & Co. U.K.

**ORLON** dates from 1944 when its uses were restricted to the war effort. The warm and luxurious acrylic fibre first came on the market in 1948. It is largely used for sweaters (especially in America) and when woven with wool or rayon makes a strong, easily washable fabric with good shape-keeping properties

**What is it made of?** Coal, air, water, petroleum and limestone

**What does it do?** Makes knitted clothes very cheaply. High-bulk Orlon is warm and the fibre is virtually unaffected by sunlight, soot, smoke and acid fumes. It can be durably pleated, is hard-wearing and quick drying

**How do you wash it?** Treat as nylon

**Who makes it?** Du Pont & Co., Ltd.

**Details of the dress.** Pale blue and white houndstooth checked Orlon with white belt and buttons is by Dorville. The neck is square and there are straight below-the-elbow sleeves. Otto Lucas hat. Dress costs about 15 gns. at all Cresta branches; Bon Marché, Liverpool; Kendal Milne, Manchester—but not until the spring



BRI-NYLON

↓

COAL + WATER + AIR.

↓      ↓      ↓

OXYGEN    HYDROGEN    NITROGEN

↓

PROPERTIES

Tough - fragile fabrics  
Impervious to water  
Quick drying  
Crease resisting  
Tack proof

BYRON SPINNERS LTD





**BRI-LON.** Nylon, developed in America as long ago as the early thirties has now travelled so far from its wartime parachute use and the more-precious-than-gold postwar stockings that it has been necessary to make a division of its name. Bri-lon indicates goods made of nylon bulked yarn and brushed fabrics such as fluffy knitted garments, "fur" coats, jersey cloths, chunky sweaters &c. Nylon, the parent fibre, now has a million uses in industry and the home including such diverse manufactures as carpets, ropes and diaphanous undies

## Man makes fibres

continued

**What is it made of?** Coal, oxygen, air and water

**What does it do?** It doesn't shrink. It's mothproof. It keeps its shape. It's quick drying and unharmed by water. It's very hard-wearing

**How do you wash it?** Don't boil nylon but use, if you wish, water as hot as your hands can stand. To dry, roll in a towel to absorb surplus moisture, then shake out and hang to dry. If pressing is

necessary (it usually isn't) use a very low iron when garment is almost dry

**Who makes it?** British Nylon Spinners Ltd.

**Details of the coat.** It is made of a deep pile Bri-lon fabric in a light beige. This extremely warm light-weight coat (which is sold without the belt) rejoices in the rain. It is an Astraka model at Derry & Toms, London, W.8; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham; Copland & Lye, Glasgow. Price: 23½ gns. Tan leather hat by Otto Lucas

**NYLON** (opposite) is the new name for a large category of nylon merchandise which includes stockings, lingerie, chiffons, and pulles. British manufacturers are now printing exquisite designs on finer nylon fabrics for evening and occasion wear

**What is it made of?** Coal, water and air

**What does it do?** Makes delicate-looking but fabrics with a characteristic resistance to wear. It is quick drying (needing little or no iron), shrink-proof and impervious to moth

**How do you wash it?** In hot, not boiling water. Roll in a towel to remove surplus moisture, shake out and hang to dry. Iron when dry with cool iron

**Who makes it?** British Nylon Spinners Ltd.

**Details of the dress.** Jean Allen's strapless dress is made of Bri-Nylon chiffon printed with a pattern of summer roses and trimmed with a band of chocolate Dogana satin. Sold with its own petticoats. Jewels by Craft. Dress at Cresta, New Bond Street; Clothier, Cheltenham; Biggars, Glasgow. 23 gns.

## Man makes fibres *continued*



**TERYLENE** is a synthesis of ethylene glycol and terephthalic acid. Tell a woman that and see how little she'll care. But the fact is that the end product probably makes the blouse she wears or the tie she chose for her husband. A wartime discovery, like so many other man-made fibres, Terylene is now woven with wool and cotton to produce a fabric with hard-wearing, crease-resistant properties

**What is it made from?** In simple terms, anti-freeze and petrol

**What does it do?** Produces lightweight fabric of great strength. It needs little or no ironing, doesn't shrink, can be "heat" set in permanent pleats and is completely moth-proof

**How do you wash it?** In hot, not boiling, water. Don't wring, just shake off the surface water and hang to dry. If you use an iron (not

often necessary) make sure it is cool

**Who makes it?** Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.

**Details of the jacket & dress.** The short-sleeved all-round box-pleated dress and jacket is a Terylene and worsted mixture in pale blue. A Rembrandt model at Harrods, London; Alexander Wilkie, Edinburgh; Brights, Bristol. Price: 15½ gns. Hat by Otto Lucas



**HELANCA** fibre, another member of the nylon family, is put through a crimping process that twists the thread giving great elasticity and bulk. Helanca is used for swimsuits, ballet tights, stockings, gloves, knitted underwear, sweaters, ski-pants, &c. It can be woven with wool or cotton to give extra strength and stretch

**What is it made of?** Coal, air and water

**Who makes it?** John Heathcoat & Co. Ltd.

**What does it do?** It is highly elastic but retracts to retain its original shape when not in use. Helanca is light in weight, warm to wear and to the touch, moth-proof, quick-drying and easily washable

**How do you wash it?** As with nylon

**Details of the playsuit.** This all-in-one Helanca playsuit has a zip down the back and is printed with traditional harlequin colours. By Dorville Casuals and exclusive to Kiki Byrne's new shop which opens during the first week of March at 145 King's Road, Chelsea. Price: 5½ gns. Straw hat by Dorville



## Man makes fibres

*continued*



**ACRILAN** is one of the newest fibres to come on the market and is widely used for knitted jersey cloths, blankets, carpets, chunky sweaters and fur fabrics. Like Terylene it is often woven with wool or cotton to give extra strength and Acrilan blended materials are now in use for men's suits, skirts and dresses, blouses, pyjamas, &c.

**What is it made from?** Oil and coal

**What does it do?** It is hard-wearing, non-irritant, crease-resistant and will not shrink or stretch. It can be durably pleated provided 50% or more Acrilan is used in the fabric

**How do you wash it?** In warm not boiling water. Don't wring but squeeze out and hang to drip dry. Knitted garments are ready to wear as soon as they

are dry. Some woven fabrics may need a light pressing with a cool iron

**Who makes it?** Chemstrand Ltd.

**Details of the suit.** Fine grey and white check spring suit in Acrilan by Frederick Starke. Loose-fitting jacket and dead straight skirt are virtually crease-proof and guaranteed to keep a perfect silhouette. At Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Price: 26 gns. Hat by Otto Lucas



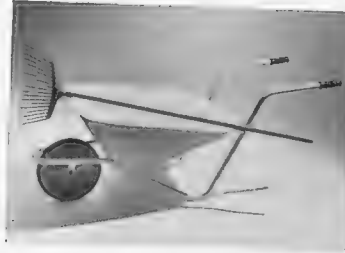
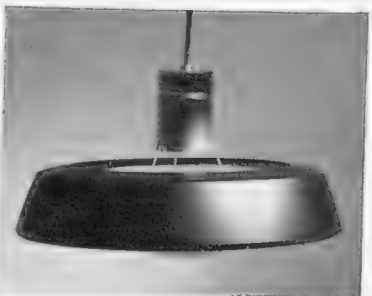
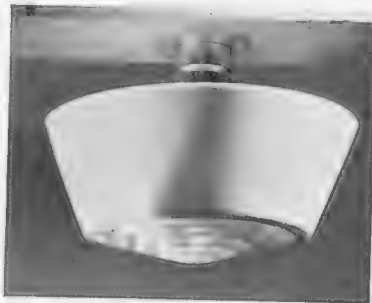
# COUNTER SPY

Plastics, like man-made fibres, have revolutionized design, superseding metal and wood in an ever-widening range of manufacture. One of the largest European makers of sheet plastic (pvc as opposed to rigid plastics) are Storeys of Lancaster who have brought out a new 1960 range of designs for curtains and tablecloths. These feature birds, butterflies and flowers (as well as geometrical shapes) in bright and pastel colours. Plastic curtaining is 36 in. and 48 in. wide, prices: 2s. 11d. and 3s. 11d. per yard. Tablecloths—the most attractive are the new gingham checked ones—cost about 9s. 11d. People such as Formica, Waverite and Holoplast are matching up their materials with Storeys' designs. And to help meet the growing demand for plastics in the home Barkers & Whiteleys have opened special shops in their stores, where the public can see thousands of different designs. Storeys' pvc is everywhere—even some convertible car roofs are made of it

HAND MIXER by Philips is of urea plastic in dove grey and white. It has only one speed, but the two metal beaters adjust themselves according to their load. When not in use, it stands upright on a flat base. Power lead is of pvc. Price £6 18s. 6d.—including a nylon spatula knife. The Whiskette, a smaller version, is for beating liquids and light batters only. Also of urea plastic, it is push-button controlled. The beater is covered in plastic and the base is set at an angle to give extra force to the beating. Price £3 18s. 9d. Both from electrical and departmental stores



LIGHT FITTINGS made of urea formaldehyde, a translucent opal plastic, from the Ventura series at the Merchant Adventurers, 16-43 Portland Road, W.11. The series of concentric rings in the "louvre" diffuse the light to avoid any glare, and the lower one has an aluminium reflector which increases downward illumination. The diffusers come in white, pale yellow or peach, the units in three types—ceiling, flex or tube pendants. The ceiling version costs £1 11s. 8d., the one with the flex and aluminium reflector £3 6s. 6d. (plus, in each case, 1s. 8d. for the lamp holders)



WHEELBARROW, of plastic, reinforced with glass fibre, is light and, of course, doesn't rust. The metal frame is stove-enamel finished, the handles have rubber grips and there are cushion-tyres for smooth running. By Sarena, in red, blue, green or yellow, price £7 10s. from the Army &

Navy Stores. The rake has a hard red polythene head and a wooden handle. By Bex Housewares, price 11s. 6d. at Gamages

Troughton & Young are adding light fittings with polystyrene diffusers to their range as from 1 January. These are pendant lights of three types—with a flex suspension fitting, a tube suspension fitting or just as a ceiling fitting. These fittings are economical and can take up to a 200-watt bulb without adjustments being necessary. The white diffuser curves slightly, and there is no glare at all from the bulb. Prices: 33s. 3d., 31s. 6d. and 26s. 2d., plus 3s. 6d. for each lamp holder. From Troughton & Young, 143 Knightsbridge; Schofields, Leeds, and Browns, Chester.

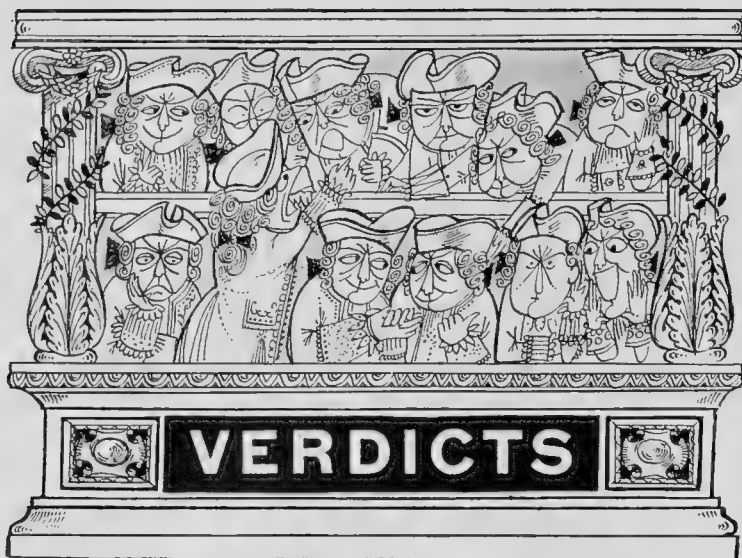


KITCHEN UNIT by Seerplan (Luxury Kitchens) incorporates two of the latest Formica developments. The black and white panels with the bird drawings are made by a new technique called Interlaminated Artwork. The other new process is that Formica can now be curved, and this unit

has a splash-back all in one with the sink-surround, avoiding sharp edges. These surfaces can be bought through Formica agents (they must be installed professionally). Kitchen unit: about £100, and similar ones from Seerplan, 54 Victoria Street, S.W.1



PLASTIC HOSE, the Aqua-flex, is made of specially toughened green vinyl. It can be used either as a sprinkler or a soaker. For spraying, the white line on the hose should be uppermost; for soaking, the hose should be reversed. The hose (25 ft. long) can be attached to another hose with leak-proof brass joints. It is non-kinking, does not split or tear and holds its position under pressure. For spraying, it can cover an area of 500 ft. By Rotaflex, price: 39s. 11d. from branches of the John Lewis Group

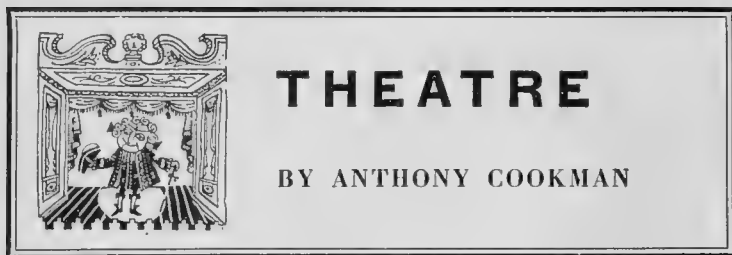


*The play* **THE AMOROUS PRAWN**  
(Evelyn Laye, Walter Fitzgerald, Stanley Baxter,  
Hugh McDermott, Michael Segal and Ernest  
Clark). Saville Theatre.

*The films* **BEN-HUR**  
(Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins, Haya Harareet,  
Hugh Griffith, Stephen Boyd, Martha Scott, Cathy  
O'Donnell, Frank Thring). Director William Wyler.  
**ON THE BEACH**  
(Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Fred Astaire, Anthony  
Perkins, Donna Anderson). Director Stanley Kramer.

*The records* **ROCK ISLAND LINE** by Huddie Ledbetter  
**GEORGE GERSHWIN SONGS** by Sarah Vaughan  
**ERNESTINE ANDERSON**  
**LOVE IS A SEASON** by Eydie Gorme

*The books* **THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S**  
by E. S. Turner (Michael Joseph, 21s.)  
**HOPING FOR A HOOPOE**  
by John Updike (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.)  
**STAINED GLASS**  
by E. Liddall Armitage (Leonard Hill, 75s.)  
**GOTHIC CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE & THEIR  
TREASURES**  
by Marcel Aubert & Simone Goubet (Kaye, £5)



## THEATRE

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

### Act one is expendable

IT IS A GOOD OLD THEATRICAL RULE that it is better to state the improbable than to waste time trying to explain it. The cow jumped over the moon. Those who disbelieve that any cow ever did such a thing are not going to be argued into belief. They had much better be left in a state of sullen disbelief. By ignoring this rule in *The Amorous Prawn* at the Saville,

Mr. Anthony Kimmins needlessly holds up with a first act of thin comedy what turns out to be a hearty farce packed with stuff that keeps the audience laughing.

He labours to show how it comes about that a Scottish mansion taken over by the War Office as the official residence of a general commanding a district is turned by his wife in her husband's absence

abroad into a guest-house devoted exclusively to the soaking of rich and gullible American salmon-fishers.

We have to be introduced to the general before his departure on a foreign mission, and learn that when he retires he will not be able to afford such a fine house. We have to see the staff of well-drilled but cheerfully scrounging military servants, male and female, paraded for household duties and handed over by the general to his delightful wife. We have to see the great money-making idea break upon the irresponsible lady.

All this is really a great waste of time and somewhat embarrassing to Miss Evelyn Laye and Mr. Walter Fitzgerald, who are asked to walk a wobbling slack-wire stretched precariously between comedy and farce.

The fun really begins with the second act. Then the smart corporal has become an even smarter

and not even Lady Fitzadam escapes their attentions. Only a little discreet retrospective dialogue would have been needed to make it clear to us what the real situation was and to have prepared us for the return of the general. We should then have been spared the dull first act of bogus comedy.

For there is no evidence that the author needed that superfluous introduction because he was short of farcical ideas. The gefulle that ensues on the general's unexpected return is admirably managed, and it might even be stretched a little further until the time comes for Sir Hamish Fitzadam to blow off his top about a piece of War Office red tape and angrily decide to join in the game himself. He is soon fleecing his guests at the card table and is as happy as a sandboy.

Mr. Kimmins still has up his sleeve no less a person than the Secretary of State for War, and the general is unlucky enough not to



**A QUESTION OF IDENTIFICATION:** *The American paying-guest (Hugh McDermott) tries to pick out his hostess (Evelyn Laye) from a school group she shows him in a photograph album, in The Amorous Prawn. These proceedings are watched with suspicion by the Secretary of State (Ernest Clark), who has an idea—and how right he is—that War Office property is being put to irregular uses in the general's absence on a foreign mission*

*maître d'hôtel*, Lady Fitzadam is posing as the widowed proprietress of the guest-house, the company cook has released a long-repressed genius for marvellously *recherché* dishes, the two W.R.A.C.'s have also let their men-charming instincts go free, the Americans have arrived, pound notes are passing from hand to pocket with fantastic rapidity, and nobody except the gullible guests have ever had it so good in an expanding economy that seems to have no limit.

Nor do the guests complain. As stage Americans they are perfectly happy. They make a bee-line for every woman they see, paying for favours with expensive jewellery,

know his distinguished guest by sight.

The farce here works up to a splendidly hilarious climax. All would be lost if the Cabinet Minister were not known to his intimates as "the amorous prawn," a nickname which is the obvious clue to the happy ending.

The leading parts are charmingly played by Miss Laye and Mr. Fitzgerald. Mr. Stanley Baxter, a Scottish music hall comedian, is first-rate as the corporal who leads the gang of harpies and pirates, Mr. Hugh McDermott and Mr. Michael Segal are the credulous Americans and Mr. Ernest Clark is the prawn.



## CINEMA

BY ELSPETH GRANT

### It's big anyway—good, too

IT'S STUPENDOUS! IT'S COLOSSAL! It's a Super Spectacle with Cast of Thousands! It's even good! But then, it always was. First published 80 years ago, *Ben-Hur*—by General Lew Wallace, a soldier, statesman and diplomat—is just such stuff as mammoth movies are made on. Recognizing it as sure-fire "box office" film moguls are prepared to invest in it any sum it takes to give Mr. and Mrs. General Public a production they will remember to the end of their days.

The early, silent version of *Ben-Hur*—which thrilled us in 1926, with Mr. Ramon Novarro in the title rôle and that one-time "great lover," Mr. Francis X. Bushman, as the Roman villain, Messala—cost over two million dollars, a truly impressive sum at that time. The present version, which has all the advantages of the most recently developed camera (the M.G.M. 65), wide screen, glorious colour and stereophonic sound, cost five million pounds—and looks it. If this magnificently lavish, superbly produced, directed and acted film cannot drag you from your dreary television sets—then, I am convinced, nothing can.

Mr. Charlton Heston, an actor of noble presence and great integrity, ideally cast as Ben-Hur, the rich, upright and respected Judean: he gives a faultless performance. Mr. Stephen Boyd, though he lacks the stature of Messala, makes this treacherous Roman a figure one can

cordially detest. A boyhood friend of Ben-Hur and his family, he still does not hesitate to sacrifice them to establish Roman authority in the province: as an example to others—and on a trumped-up charge—Ben-Hur is sent to the galleys, while his mother (Miss Martha Scott) and sister (Miss Cathy O'Donnell) are condemned to life imprisonment in the dankest of dungeons.

Our own Mr. Jack Hawkins does splendidly as the Roman Consul whose life Ben-Hur saves when half the Roman fleet, including the galley in which he serves, is sunk in a tremendous sea-battle. This honourable man shows his gratitude by taking the galley-slave to Rome, freeing him and adopting him as his son and heir. But Rome and its pleasures cannot hold him: he longs for revenge upon Messala—and back he goes to Judea.

A wily old Arab sheik (wittily played by Mr. Hugh Griffith), the owner of four swift horses, persuades Ben-Hur to challenge Messala to a chariot race in the hope that he can defeat and kill him. Messala accepts—arming his chariot wheels with saw-toothed blades, the beast—and the famous race is on. Nine four-horsed chariots sweep round the vast arena at fantastic speed—thousands cheer: and this hair-raising sequence is alone worth the price of admission.

By comparison, the rest of the film may seem a little slow—though Ben-Hur's discovery that his mother

and sister are alive but lepers, their rescue from banishment, his meeting with Christ on His way to Calvary, the dawn of pity in Ben-Hur, the miraculous cleansing of the leper-women at the moment of the Crucifixion, and Ben-Hur's conversion to the Christian ideals by gentle Esther (Miss Haya Harareet, a very lovely young Israeli actress), have all been handled by Mr. William Wyler in a masterly and telling fashion.

The film is perhaps over-long: Mr. Frank Thring is, I think, miscast as Pontius Pilate, whom he makes needlessly arrogant and effeminate, and the scenes of the Crucifixion I found horrifying—but as a whole, this is a great cinematic work which you should on no account miss.

Mr. Stanley Kramer's *On The Beach*, based on Mr. Nevil Shute's novel, is a finely made, cautionary and far from comfortable film. The year is 1964, the setting is Melbourne—where we find Mr. Gregory Peck, the commander of an American submarine, Mr. Fred Astaire, a haggard scientist, Miss Ava Gardner, a slightly ravaged good-time girl, and Mr. Anthony Perkins, a worried Australian naval officer with a pretty young wife, Miss Donna Anderson, and a baby. The atmosphere is uneasy, sometimes near-hysterical. Why?

Because nuclear warfare has wiped out all life in the Northern hemisphere and the lethal radioactive drift is expected to reach Australia in a matter of a few months. There is nothing for anyone to look forward to but a horrible death. A flicker of hope stirs when garbled radio signals are picked up from San Diego, and Mr. Peck and his submarine are dispatched to see if, by chance, somebody has survived. Nobody has. San Francisco and San Diego are cities of the dead—and the signals the result of an ironic trick of fate.

Mr. Peck returns to Melbourne

to find comfort with Miss Gardner and life goes on—but not for long. Some people grow reckless—as evidenced by a car race in which crashes don't matter because the drivers are about to die, anyway: others, grimly despairing, line up to collect the suicide pills issued by the government to prevent prolonged suffering. And shivers run down my spine as I contemplate the appalling mess mankind has made of its beautiful world. This is clearly Mr. Kramer's intention. He wants, most earnestly, to put us off nuclear weapons for good and all—and with me, he certainly succeeded.



RACE WITH DEATH I: *The wicked Roman, Messala (Stephen Boyd) draws ahead of the field (top) in the fatal chariot race in Ben-Hur.* RACE WITH DEATH II: *Commander Towers (Gregory Peck) and scientist Julian Osborne (Fred Astaire) discuss measures to evade radiation drift after a nuclear war, in On The Beach*

Magie 'Baton'

Trésor 'Pendant'

Trésor 'Tear Drop'

Magie 'Sphere'

Envol 'Amphora'

PERFUME SUGGESTIONS  
FOR CHRISTMAS

LANCÔME

Flèches d'Or



## MOTORING

by GORDON WILKINS

## Britain's cars of the year

WRITING SHORTLY BEFORE THE END of 1959 it looks as if I shall have driven at least 80 different cars during the year, including the biggest and best collection of new and improved cars to come from the British industry since the days when there were about 90 manufacturers in the business, all trying to produce different models every year.

In Eire I had an early try-out of the Triumph Herald saloon and coupé, cars whose originality and practical design have made a big impression abroad. More recently I have tried the saloon with the coupé's twin carburettor engine and high axle-ratio. This has livelier acceleration and a near-80 maximum speed and would be my personal choice.

Soon afterwards I was testing a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud with the new V8 engine on the roads of Cheshire and noting how many details had also been improved on a car which already seemed so good. Then there was the whole range of BMC 1½-litre cars at intervals of a few weeks. Their engines have such a reputation for reliability that other people (including the Germans) are now buying them, and their Farina lines have done much to dispel the myth that British family cars look dull. Rushing after them came the new sixes, Wolseley 6/99 and Austin A/99 (I have not yet driven the new Princess). Big, comfortable, and fast, they are extraordinary value for money—with disc brakes, too. Price considerations dictated the choice of their overdrive, which sometimes leaves one wondering whether it is in or out, but at extra cost you can have automatic transmission.

And talking of transmissions, there were three cars, a Minx, a Wolseley 15/60 and a Standard Ensign all with the new three-speed Smith automatic transmission, which works electrically and allows small cars to have the benefits of two-pedal drive without the power losses usually involved. Hillman are the first makers to offer it in production.

The Sunbeam Alpine brought us our nearest approach yet to the speed, finish and elegance of Continental models like the Alfa Giulietta. It handles unusually well, and would be even more attractive if the trunk held more luggage. A run down to the Riviera with an MGA 1600 showed what a great improvement the larger engine and the disc brakes have made; the chassis is fully able to cope with the extra performance but the driving position could still be made better.

A few days at Eden Roc provided the ideal setting for the Austin Healey 3000. This is now an extremely fast car; in fact it has all the power the chassis can profitably use and should be driven with discretion in the wet. It has discs of course, which help.

Three cars which showed the excellent results of steady development over a number of years were the Armstrong Siddeley Star Sapphire and the Jaguar Mark IX. The Jaguar, tested in icy weather in Belgium, was wonderfully fast, comfortable and stable, and the Star Sapphire, which I took to Frankfurt, proved itself a swift, silent, reliable, magic carpet at a price which is strictly moderate in relation to the amenities it offers.

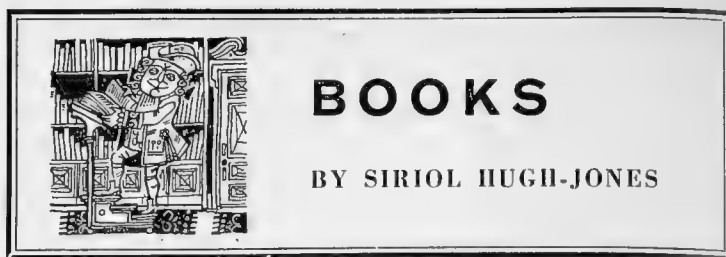
There was also a run down to Monte Carlo in the Daimler Majestic, a rugged, fast car at a price which surprises many by its moderation.

There was a long test of the vastly improved Vauxhall Victor, too, which helped to reinforce the belief that for the buyer who is not primarily interested in being first with everything new, it pays to wait until a car has been in production about a year. This applies surprisingly enough, to both mass-produced cars and many of the quality models. Probably it was because it is derived from models which have been in production for many years that the Rover 100 seemed all that one expects a Rover to be, but with better brakes and better road holding than they have had hitherto, whereas the 3-litre was a mixture of good and bad in which the good will no doubt predominate as a result of the past year's intensive development.

Already I have had wide experience of the new Ford Anglia, which seems all set for a big success. Its high-revving short stroke engine is a big break with tradition and will soon be appearing in some of the new Formula Junior racing cars. Not an engine for slow-speed slogging, but if you use the new four-speed gearbox, it really gets things moving. And although the suspension is orthodox, the ride and road holding are a great improvement over previous models.

And finally, a short but memorable run on the Aston Martin DB4 which now goes to the top of my shopping list.

People sometimes ask me "Don't you find it dull testing small cheap cars after trying the finest and fastest cars in the world?" But of course the answer is an emphatic "No" when you come to something like the Miniminor.



## BOOKS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

## It's quieter now, thank heaven

FOR PERFECT LIGHT CHRISTMAS-holiday reading, by the time you've exhausted the novels and the newspapers and the tots' picture books, I can't think of anything more reviving than E. S. Turner's sprightly *The Court of St. James's*. Mr. Turner is a specialist in mighty historical themes-through-the-ages—courting, social reform, medicine and the like—and somehow contrives to make them gayer and a good deal more rewarding than the breeziest sort of fiction.

Part of the trick lies, I think, in the fact that he has a mind which is at once endlessly curious, open to astonishment, and full of level, sober good sense.

Anybody who shares my delirious passion for the kind of history that passes you the price of fish in November 1599 and how many embroidered handkerchiefs went through the Hampton Court laundry under Wolsey, will find this book full of enormous happiness. Through it prance and skulk frightful court jesters, blatant flatterers, scheming mothers, seductive earls, vivacious maids of honour alternately heying about and being retired to the country in disgrace, royal mistresses playing a sort of musical chairs for the favours of the royal bed, and Queen Elizabeth I (Nurse of Religion, Starbright Eye, Mother Dear) bagging richer and richer presents.

The astonishing narrative continues up to the present day, when things have grown a great deal quieter and more circumspect, which may be less colourful but is also, one cannot help feeling in one's puritan way, a rather more sound and laudable state of affairs.

Mr. Peter de Polnay writes so fast it's hard to catch up with him. *The Shriek of the Gull* seems to me to show traces of rather too much hurry but all the same it is enjoyable in its rum way. It's the story of an irresponsible weak-natured charmer who returns to a repellent Sussex sea-side town to claim his inheritance, an unwanted and colossal mansion, and sets up, with the aid of three ill-assorted helpers, as an amateur in the country-club business. The story is of retribution and sins coming home to roost. It's often very funny and

can be read at top speed with a great deal of amusement.

*Hoping for a Hoopoe*, by John Updike, is a joyous, witty and sometimes savage book that gave me great pleasure. Mr. Updike is an original with a mad delight in words and a mind as sharp as a wicked little cleaver. He writes poems that may have been sparked by sentences found in the *New Yorker* or *Life* magazine. If Mr. Updike had lived in the 17th century, he would have been a cunningly complicated paradoxical metaphysical poet. As he is fortunately with us today, he is elegant, funny, surprising, tender-hearted, and I think more sad than you might suppose at first.

E. Liddall Armitage's *Stained Glass*—that is to say, principally English stained glass—is very interesting on the technology of the art, but seemed to me oddly old-fashioned in tone of voice (and incidentally in the lay-out and format of the book—there surely couldn't be a better subject for something really new in book-design). Mr. Armitage is rather bleak about the Coventry glass, and frowns a bit about Evie Hene, and as far as I can make out doesn't mention Piper in the text, though he gets a colour picture.

Finally, the *Gothic Cathedrals of France and Their Treasures*,  
*continued overleaf*



CAPT. AUGUSTUS AGAR, V.C., R.N., has written *Footprints In The Sea* (Evans, 30s.), his exciting autobiography

BOOKS *continued*

by Marcel Aubert and Simone Goubet fills me with qualified and tentative enthusiasm. It is powerfully comprehensive and prodigally illustrated with a vast number of superb black-and-white photographs which makes it look extremely inviting and modern. What slightly stunned me was the text, which seems to be a jaw-breaking literal translation of French at its most formal, with an army of undefeated dependant clauses and phrases standing reso-

lutely to attention, and proclaiming that though the words may be English the sentences are still determinedly French. Due, presumably, to technical problems, all photograph-captions are disconcertingly still in their own original language, and, brief as they are, they pose problems. Quickly, now, and without your dictionary—*chevet, tympan, claire-voie, coïncions, trumeau, croisillon, déambulatoire, vous-sures, contrefort*. . . All the same, the pictures are wonderful.



## RECORDS

BY GERALD LASCELLES

## Here come the girls

How should one judge the performance of a star singer whose work hovers between the most full-blooded jazz statements and the less definable realm of popular song treatment? For that is what Sarah Vaughan does and comes out with some of the most intriguing results I have heard in recent months. She has a style that every aspiring crooner must dream of, a perfect sense of pitch that enthralled me by its boldness, and a golden warmth in her vibrato that demonstrates her perfect voice control.

Two albums of Gershwin songs by Sarah (CMS 18011/2) go far to explain her success. From her early training with Earl Hines and Billy Eckstine she attracted the attention of the progressives—Parker and Gillespie notably taking her under their wing in the late forties. By 1949 she had arrived. Now at thirty-five she is at the top of her profession, on a par with Ella Fitzgerald. But Miss Vaughan derives little of her style from Ella, and only slightly from Billie Holiday. Hers is a truly original voice, steeped in jazz feeling. There is a tour of Britain planned for Sarah in the New Year—I shall be there to hear her for certain.

A girl who is destined to make the established artists look to their laurels is Ernestine Anderson, Seattle-born, currently working on the West Coast. She has a good swinging attack to her fast numbers, a full-throated voice, and some worthwhile ideas about how to put across a song (MMC 14016).

A subtler, more experienced voice is the property of glamorous Carmen McRae, whose *Book of ballads* (HA-R2185) is designed for quiet listening, sultry in mood and performance. Dakota Station mainly repeats a mood, with her curiously exaggerated diction, and

more than a leaf borrowed from the Holiday book. Her up-tempo work is far more satisfying to my ears (Capitol T1170). The same should apply to Eydie Gorme, but I have the impression that she tries to force her voice too much, whereas her slow pieces are beautifully relaxed, and reveal her true charm.

Peggy Lee's silken voice belies the forthright challenge of her Capitol album entitled *I like men* (ST 1131). This is a delightful collection, not jazz, but for those who enjoy well-sung point numbers.

But isn't it time we heard from the men? One of the most interesting records to be released in 1959 was *Rock Island Line* (RCX 146), an RCA release of historical importance, by Huddie Ledbetter, who is more generally known by his nickname "Leadbelly." I know it's crude music, true blues, but what else would you expect to hear from a man who spent nearly half his life in prison and managed to get himself twice convicted of murder? His own 12-string guitar accompaniment is fascinating, and in his words I find the whole saga of the South brought to life.

The oddities of the month are both of American origin. Topic's *Music of New Orleans* series is strengthened by an album (12T33) devoted to street music and the music of Mardi Gras. It is interesting, but recorded under such arduous and impossible conditions that it is hardly surprising that the results fall far short of perfection. The second, which I consider to be a triumph of recording skill, is entirely devoted to the last trip of a steam locomotive on a section of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway (Vogue VA160143). It seems to be made to order for anyone who is a model railway enthusiast in search of "noises off."

## BEAUTY

*The good beginning*

BY JEAN CLELAND

HAPPY NEW YEAR—HAPPY NEW LOOKS, THAT IS MY WISH TO YOU for 1960, and with the many cosmetics, preparations and treatments available today, there is no reason why it should not be granted.

First, two New Year Looks, one for the face and another for the hair. Harriet Hubbard Ayer greets 1960 with an exciting make-up called the *Belle Epoque* (the nineties)—created specially for New Year parties. This has a velvety complexion with an ivory-rose tone, achieved by using a *Liquid Film* called *Beige Sun*, and *Beige Rose* powder. Eyes are dramatized with *Green Jade* eye shadow, and dark green or midnight blue mascara. In contrast, the lips are soft and gentle with a white lipstick first, and a top coat of *Sunset Rose*.

Hair stylist Alexandre has designed a new shape also inspired by the nineties, and featuring a high chignon. Attached to your own hair and placed on top of the head, this has an elegant look, especially when adorned for a party with jewels or flowers.

To look their best for evening, neck and shoulders, as well as the complexion, must be light and fair. The shoulders can be treated effectively with a special *Whitening Cream* made by Dorothy Gray. For a dry, sensitive skin, blend this nightly with *Dry Skin Mixture* or *Sensitive Skin Cream*. For the neck, mix *Throat Cream* with *Whitening Cream*, and apply with upward strokes, leaving the mixture on all night.

Beautiful finger-nails are all part of the party picture. Those who suffer from the type that split, flake or break off easily, can take fresh hope from a new internal treatment. This is called *Pronel*, the basis of which is gelatine—a highly effective protein which promotes nail growth. A fairly large dose of gelatine is concentrated into a small quantity of crystals flavoured with lemon. Stirred into a tumbler of water, they are very pleasant to drink. There are also two capsules containing enough minerals and vitamins to enable the body and finger-nails to get the most out of the gelatine. These are swallowed with the drink.

Complete benefit from *Pronel* cannot be expected immediately because new nails take three months to grow, although a marked improvement is usually seen after a month. When the health has been restored, and the breaking stopped, beautifying them will be the next step.

A new manicure case by Peggy Sage is smart and different. Inside is an easily removable platform that can be used to carry jewellery. From Cutex comes a new and glamorous nail varnish called *Gold Sequin*. This is a colourless liquid polish with tiny gold flakes, which can be used over a colour, or over the bare nail to give an extra touch of party sparkle.



*The bright New Year look with make-up by Harriet Hubbard Ayer and hairstyle by Alexandre*



## PASSPORT

by DOONE BEAL

MY FIRST AND MOST ROMANTIC IMPRESSION of Rhodes was arriving by ship in its magnificent golden stone harbour, one blazing day last May. This month I went back again and ambled through the streets of the old town and up the Street of Knights, now blessedly empty of tourists. The weather was still balmy but the sun competed fitfully with rain. I found the nearest café and ordered a glass of retsina.

It was all just as I had remembered—old men deep in noonday conversation, the slither and click of backgammon chips. The Greeks feel inhospitable if they produce only the wine you have ordered, and the proprietor, lacking anything to give me to eat, went into his back garden and came back rubbing a sprig of basil in his hands for me to smell. Later the sky cleared and left the pavements to reflect its new blueness. Within seconds the sun was hot enough to take off a pullover, bright enough for dark glasses.

The weather during the winter months is as uncertain (sometimes, also, as miraculous) as an English April. In March, however, Rhodes has its early summer heat and the water is warm enough to swim in—a good two months before the tourist rush begins.

Lindos is the first port of call for people who visit the island only briefly, but with time on your hands you can see not only the ancient town and acropolis, but explore also the little white village that clusters at its base. Here is a tiny Byzantine church in whose oldest part is a row of desks and a blackboard—relic of the Turkish occupation when the Greek Orthodox priests made it their business to educate the children of the village (as indeed they still do).

The acropolis (you can get most of the way up there, side-saddle on a donkey) dates back to the 10th century B.C. On the same hill is the church of St. John and the medieval Palace of the Knights. White, flat-topped houses (and one delicious geranium-washed chapel) tumble down the hillside to a broad beach with a fish restaurant in one corner.

# Rhodes for springtime

Below: *The Palace of the Grand Masters, originally built in the 14th century and reconstructed during the Italian occupation of the Island. Right: View from the Palace towards the harbour of Mandraki*



John Baker

The other ancient city, Kamiros, on the far side of the island, has a majestic view across to the purple dappled mountains of the Turkish coast and the islands in between. It is as well preserved and easy to reconstruct in the mind as Delos. Nor should one neglect the island villages. Kamiros Scala, for example, is surely Europe's tiniest fishing harbour, with a solitary café the life, soul and centre of this pocket-sized community. Here you can pick one of the newly-caught steel-blue lakerda and have it baked with oil and herbs, or a friture of fresh sardines, or enjoy the simple but delicious fish soup. People also go to Kamiros Scala for its excellent spear fishing, or to take a fishing caique across to the island of Halki.

Embonas is a remote little mountain village where there is dancing in national costume every Sunday afternoon and where the women who work in the fields sling their young in hammocks from the nearest fig tree (it is the men who gossip in the cafés and the women who labour, in these parts).

I enjoyed Koskinou, a little white wedding cake of a town which ends abruptly in a series of natural ramparts dropping down to a plain of olive trees. Here particularly I remember the children with their shaven heads who giggle and peer from arched doorways. Some of the house façades are extraordinarily elegant (the village dates back to the Crusades), and all are blinding white, decorated in brilliant violet blue.

The tradition of veiled women, superstition and folklore die hard in this island which was under Turkish rule for so long. Near Afantou village is Tsambika Peak, where childless women went barefoot to the chapel on its summit to pray. If their prayers were rewarded, the boys were always called Tsanbigo and the girls Tsanbiga.

Something quite different from the primitive village life are the springs at Kallithea, just outside the town. Here, suddenly, all is Italian elegance, an oasis of circular pink-washed buildings and colon-

nades, delicate mosaic floors made from almond-shaped pebbles, and tropical palms in a wild and lovely wilderness of rocks and sea. It was built during the Italian occupation of the island, in 1926. Its *raison d'être* is the waters from the spring (noted by Hippocrates as beneficial for the liver), but there is also a fish restaurant in a grotto, good swimming and underwater fishing.

One of Rhodes's best beaches is at the Miramare Hotel, an attractive cabana colony a few miles from the city. Rates are about 460 drachmas a day (about £5) for a double cabana with full board. There are various other hotels in the town, of which the Hotel des Roses is the oldest established, and four more new ones are planned for next year.

Some amusing evenings can be had at the fish restaurants strung along the coast just outside the town, at the taverns in the old city, or at the best of the Turkish restaurants, Nouri Dirmilli. My advice here is to ignore the rest of the menu and gorge on *zasi*, a mixture of cream cheese and yoghurt, stiff with garlic, and served with a cucumber and green pepper salad, accompanied by draughts of aromatic retsina.

I have ignored the very thing that people come first to Rhodes to see—the Museum, erstwhile hospital of the Knights, which is indeed unique and fascinating. But the whole of the old town is a living museum, and in many instances the transition from tallow candle to electric light is all that marks the passage of some 500 years. The new town is elegant, nicely planned, rather Italian, with free port shops for liquor; china and jewellery shops by the score.

There are a variety of sightseeing tours by coach in summer, as for example to Petaloudes Valley for the butterflies. Chauffeur-driven cars can be hired for around 500 drachmas a day, and there are some superb drives through the mountains from one side of the island to the other. Rhodes is about 20 hours away from Athens by sea, just over two hours by Olympic Airways' daily flights.





Tom Hustler



Madame Yevonde

**Miss Inez Dianne Harvie Clark to Monsieur Y. V. Benoit-Cattin.** *She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Clark, of Cobham, Surrey. He is the son of M. & Mme. Felix Benoit-Cattin, of Place Denfert-Rochereau, Paris*



Madame Yevonde

**Miss Jennifer Duke to Mr. Allan Hugh Keep Edwards.** *She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Tom Duke, of Curdridge, near Southampton. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. R. A. G. Edwards, of Privett, near Alton, Hampshire*



Harlip

**Miss Venetia Margaret Lane to Mr. Stanley Chattey.** *She is the daughter of the late Capt. Herbert Lane, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Lane, of Bloxworth, Dorset. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. R. J. K. Chattey, of Bexhill*

**Miss Rosemary Johnston to Mr. David Price, M.P.** *She is the daughter of the late Mr. Cyril Johnston, O.B.E., & Mrs. Johnston, of Parkside, S.W.1. He is the son of Major V. M. Price, and the late Mrs. Price, of Paultons St., S.W.3*



Michael Keeling

**Miss Jacqueline Carpenter-Garnier to Lt. Michael Arcedeckne-Butler.** *She is the daughter of Col. & Mrs. L. G. Carpenter-Garnier, of Singapore. He is the son of the late Maj.-Gen. & Mrs. St. J. D. Arcedeckne-Butler, of Killinick, Eire*

## ENGAGEMENTS

## WEDDINGS



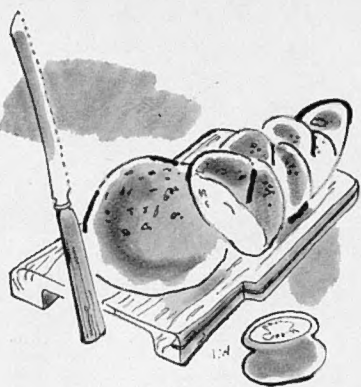
**Fearnley-Whittingstall—Oxley:** Serena daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Fearnley-Whittingstall, Q.C., & Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, of Campden Hill Court, W.8, married John, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. G. S. Oxley, of Sturminster Newton, Dorset, at the Temple Church



**Howard-Collings—de Palleja Ricart:** Vanessa, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Francis Howard-Collings, of Curzon Place, W.1, married Sr. Don Jorge de Palleja Ricart, younger son of the Marques & Marquesa de Monsolis, of Barcelona, at St. James's, Spanish Place



**Lawton—Abbott:** Kathleen Anne (Kate), daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. Lawton, of Pulborough, Sussex, married Frank Jon Sutherland, only son of Mr. & Mrs. Jack Sutherland Abbott, of Kennox, Stewarton, North Ayrshire, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



## DINING IN

# The cabbage transformed

by HELEN BURKE

THIS WEEK, I THOUGHT I WOULD gather together a 3-course meal for informal entertaining. I got the idea for the first—*Raviers des Gourmets*—when on a recent visit to the British Transport Commission's remarkable wine cellars in Derby. It was served at dinner in the Midland Hotel and the young chef, J. S. Frankland, should have been proud of his achievement. What impressed me was its presentation—a set of various hors d'oeuvres on a large silver tray around a centre-piece of cabbage salad in a cabbage "bowl."

It is well within the scope of all who pride themselves on taking a little trouble with a dish. Get a large enough cabbage. A nice celadon-green one is the most attractive and, I think, delicious. Remove the coarse outer leaves.

Level the stalk end so that the cabbage will stand firm. Cut off the top and remove the centre of the cabbage, leaving a "bowl" firm enough to hold its ultimate contents. Having removed the centre of the cabbage, slice it into slivers 1½ to 2 inches long and drop them into iced water for an hour.

Drain them well, spread them on a linen cloth to dry, then dress them with mayonnaise. They must be moist. Place them in the cabbage "bowl" and surround it with half-moon salad plates or hors d'oeuvres dishes.

This week, there arrived on my desk, *Picture Cook Book* by the Editors of *Life* (Prentice-Hall, Inc., £5 5s.). It took seven years to compile and is, I would say, one of the most ambitious cookery books ever published.

Folk who have visited Europe's most famous restaurants will find their best-known specialties in this book. For the second course of the meal I have in mind, I have chosen *Gigot d'Agneau en Croute* from the wonderful Baumanerie near Arles in the south of France. It is an impressive dish which many hostesses can attempt even single-handed as there are no last-minute worries about it.

One boned leg of lamb (3 lb. after boning); 2 lamb kidneys, cubed; ½ cup chopped mushrooms; 2 oz. *pâté de foie gras*, chopped; 1 tablespoon chopped truffles; 2 tablespoons armagnac; 1 teaspoon salt; freshly ground black pepper; unbaked puff paste.

Combine the kidneys, mushrooms, *foie gras*, truffles, armagnac, salt and pepper. Stuff lamb with this mixture and close opening. Roast in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 1 hour. Remove and let stand for 15 minutes. Roll puff paste dough ¼ inch thick. Wrap lamb in dough. Bake in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 15 minutes.

This dish is enough for 6 persons. The chef of the Baumanerie advises serving the following *Gratin dauphinois à la crème* with it:

Four large potatoes, peeled and thinly sliced; 1 teaspoon salt; freshly ground black pepper; 2 cups

milk; ½ cup heavy cream; ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese.

Cook potatoes, salt and pepper in the milk in top of double boiler over boiling water for 30 minutes. Put in baking-dish, pour cream over potatoes, top with Parmesan cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 minutes.

The Viennese make the most exciting sweets so, for my third course, I have chosen Hazelnut Soufflé from the *Old Vienna Cookbook* mentioned last week.

Beat 5 egg yolks with ¼ cup sugar until they are light. Add ¼ cup flour and a pinch of salt, stirring well. Gradually beat in 1 cup hot scalded milk, and cook the mixture in the top of a double boiler over hot water, stirring constantly, until it thickens and coats the spoon. Remove from the heat and cool it. Add 1 cup hazelnuts, grated and browned in 3 tablespoons butter, and 1 tablespoon rum. Fold in 6 egg whites beaten stiff. Bake in an ungreased baking dish set in a pan of hot water in a moderately slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 45 minutes or until puffed and golden.

Serve this sauce with the soufflé: beat 1 cup softened coffee ice cream with 1 tablespoon heavy rum. Fold in ½ cup heavy cream, whipped and sweetened to taste.



## CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

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### PERSONAL

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(Continued from previous page)

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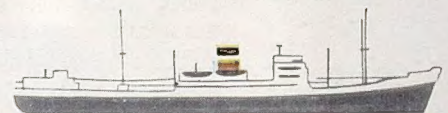
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